UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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Original Poetry.

SONG OF THE PESTILENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Over valley, over mountain,
Over castle gray,
Over forest, over fountain,
Lies my weary way;
At my coming horror floweth,
O'er the gathered throng
Bloom to pale corruption goeth,
As I flit along.

Never lip with beauty beaming,
Smiled to see me pass;
Youth of spring and roses dreaming,
Cried, "alas, alas!"
I have seen the monarch sleeping,
With the vile and mean;
I have seen the lizard creeping,
Where the song hath been.

I have heard the charger neighing,
Where the priestess trode;
I have seen the shrine decaying,
Where the pilgrim bowed;
Beauty sat beside her lover,
By a shady stream,
And her bloom as I passed over,
Faded like a dream.

I have heard the jackal howling,
Where the timbrel rang;
I have seen the desert scowling,
Where the myrtle sprang;
Yonder city lately streaming,
With a heavenly light;
Arch and fane, and pillar beaming,
On the dazzled sight—

As I passed her o'er, grew lonely,
As the "Nightly" shore;
Now a mockery, mockery only,
Of the days of yore;
Yonder castle stark and lofty,
Quelled the cannon shower,
I at midnight passing softly,
Spoiled her of her power.

When shall end my wanderings dreary?
When the sun shall die;
When shall faint my pinions weary?
When the rivers dry;
Over terrace, over mountain,
Over castle gray,
Over desert, pool and fountain,
Lies my weary way.

Del. College, Newark.

Original Tales.

GABLE END FARM.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOW OR NEVER."

CHAPTER II.

So Isaac died and was buried, and in so quiet a way that even Gattie and Hiley were not invited to the funeral. Nelly Niles, who had no great respect for him while living, *took on* as they say, most dreadfully, for a week or two after his death, for she found that the poor simple soul, instead of spending two-thirds of his salary on himself, had actually insured to his family the sum of fourteen thousand dollars.

Maria Loring mourned with a sober grief; Isaac was not a man to create warm affections,—her heart was centred in her children, there she loved most tenderly and judiciously. Not knowing the value of her own farm, and knowing that her husband could not have saved much, if any money, she brought her children up industriously and humbly. Aunt Nelly fairly worshipped them all, only nestling closer to the babies—as if they were not all babies—[illegible] to the others, though, in time, even these

It was full a month after Isaac's death that Gattie and Hiley walked out to Gable End Farm; the strawberries were quite ripe, and cream in great plenty, so that visiters were flocking up in great numbers, as little conscious of the death of Mrs. Loring's husband as if he had never existed. It was on Sunday afternoon that the partners found themselves in the long room of the farm, and before they had fairly seated themselves, Aunt Nelly placed a dish of strawberries and a pitcher of cream before them. They had not yet uttered a sentence, for their simple hearts were quite overcome at the thoughts of their old and faithful clerk. Aunt Nelly was dressed in black, and they naturally concluded that she was Isaac's wife, so, instead of eating the fruit, they both stared at her, and in such a wild manner as to disconcert and perplex her.

"Well, gentlemen," said she, at length, "you had better take your fill of the strawberries than of looking at me; I am not worth so much attention, and more than that, I never was good looking even in my younger days. We don't make a practice of giving fruit and cream on Sunday, but as you seemed strangers, like, and might not know our rules, I thought you should not be balked. Pray eat, and ask for more, for we take no money on Sunday, though you are quite as welcome as if you paid."

At that moment, two little girls, just beginning to talk so as to be understood, ran in from the next room, the door of which Aunt Nelly had accidentally left open.

"Oh, Gattie and Hiley," exclaimed Nelly Niles,—which made Gattie and Hiley start, for they thought she addressed them—"what brought you here?"

"Why 'tis Sunday," said little Gattie, "and you always told us that we might come in the hall on Sunday."

It then occurred to the partners that Isaac had mentioned his having given their names to two of his children, and here, to their great astonishment, were their little namesakes.

"Whew!" whistled Gattie, "here they are, Massy, both of them; if you can tell which is which, it is more than I can, but they look very much like poor Ike—Isaac—don't you think so?"

"N-o-no," whispered Hiley, "not much like Ike—Isaac—nor much like this lady."

"Why should they look like me?" asked Aunt Nelly, breaking in upon their loud whisper, "I am not their mother; she is another guess looking woman than I am, and a deal younger."

"We should like to see all the children," said Gattie, bashfully. "Can we see them all? for we hear that there are fourteen."

"Yes, you may see them, it being Sunday, but we do not make a show of our little girls. I will tell Mrs. Loring and she will bring them all in."

The two little girls, by this time, were seated on the knees of the partners, Hiley taking little Gattie, and Gattie taking little Hiley, which was in strict accordance with their affection for each other. In a few moments, in came Mrs. Loring, already anticipating that the gentlemen were her husband's old masters, and following her close came ten little girls, Aunt Nelly bringing up the rear with the twin babies.

Perhaps they intended to cry when the widow of their faithful clerk approached them, perhaps *her eyes* might have overflown, but they were so utterly amazed at the number of legs, arms, heads, and hands that walked soberly into the room, and she was so taken up with their manner of receiving her children, that Isaac was quite forgotten.

"Can you count them, Peter?" said Hiley, wiping the heavy perspiration from his forehead, which reminded Gattie that his own forehead was wet. "Can you count them, for I can't, they squirm about so."

"One, two, three, four—pray stand still, little lady—five, six, seven, eight—"

"There are just fourteen," said Mrs. Loring, looking proudly and affectionately on the little group, some of which were clinging to her dress. "You have two on your laps, Aunt Nellie has two in her arms, and here are ten more."

"Yes, yes," said Hiley, "I see that there are ten, but where are the grown up girls, the oldest?"

It was Mrs. Loring's turn to stare. But recollecting herself, she marshalled the children according to their age and counted them off by pairs.

"There are the eldest, gentlemen; they are seven years and three months old, their names are Annie and Belinda,—this pair is six and three months, they are called Clara and Delia, for I had a fancy to go on with the A, B, C, at the beginning of their names. It was an innocent fancy, don't you think so?"

"Perfectly, perfectly," said both partners in a breath, "now go on with the rest."

So the fond mother, patting each little head, told their names and ages, and when she approached the little Gattie and Hiley, who were still seated as at first, she touched their soft silken curls, and observed with an unsteady voice, "These are called after you, gentlemen, for I am sure you must be my poor husband's masters, Gattie and Hiley."

Oh dear, oh dear, what a commotion was in that long hall on this Sunday afternoon, first Gattie cried and laughed, then Hiley laughed and cried, then the babies cried, and then they all screamed in concert, even Aunt Nellie keeping time with the loudest of them.

But Mrs. Loring soon hushed the children, and the partners were quite willing to laugh again, while the little flock, one by one went closer and closer, until the old bachelors were fairly surrounded. Some crept up behind the chair, others hung round their neck, but among all this scrambling for notice, the little Gattie and Hiley kept their seats. Never in their lives had the two ironmongers been in such a hubbub, never had they come in contact with children, excepting in a very uninteresting way, but to their own glad surprise, instead of being annoyed, they were delighted, and they did not give up romping till quite exhausted. Poor Isaac! The scene would have been more wonderful to him than to his two masters.

"Come again! come again!" said all the children that could articulate, and those that could not articulate clapped their little hands and looked up with glowing animated faces, for the two old gentlemen seemed to them as childish playmates. Arm in arm did they walk home lovingly, but so excited that there was no rest till Mrs. Simmons and Ben had the benefit of all that passed that afternoon. It need not be said that they repeated the visit the following week, and continued to go in the same way till the youngest girls were sixteen. Meantime Ben Simmons had grown up to man's estate and a clever fellow he turned out to [illegible]. He made a complete revolution in the little dark shop, opening a window that had long been shut up and removing the greater part of the old fashioned clumsy articles with new ones. He did this gradually, so that Gattie and Hiley received no shock, on the contrary [illegible] was a quicker motioned lad than poor Ike—Isaac, and that business was brisker than it had been for many years, for the shop was now running over with customers.

So well did all go on, that the two old gentlemen found it much more pleasant to stroll up to Gable End every fair afternoon, than to take a nap in their easy chair, and it soon followed that Ben Simmons took his tea there also every Sunday. In this way the family proceeded, the children were taught to read, write, and keep accounts, and Gattie and Hiley never ceased admiring their copy books nor ceased wondering at the ease with which each girl mastered the most difficult sums in arithmetic, the very sums that mastered *them* when they were at school themselves.

Gattie and Hiley made their wills, and it followed, as a matter of course, that the fourteen girls should be the heirs. They left little remembrances to Mrs. Loring and Aunt Nellie, and gave the old house and all the contents of the shop to Ben Simmons. All they had to leave was not much, however, somewhere between twenty and thirty thousand dollars, for as has been observed, they were satisfied with small profits. It was hard, very hard to part with the affectionate simple hearted old men, but their hour was come, and they died within a few days of each other. For the last year or two they lived together at Gable End, for Mrs. Simmons was dead, and they could not bear to encounter a new face, and Mrs. Loring insisted so strongly on their removal to her house that they had to yield, but it was real happiness to them, for they now could hear the merry laugh of the innocent girls from morning till night.

Mrs. Loring was now in her forty-fourth year, and Aunt Nellie was fifty, they had been so industrious and so prudent, that independently of the farm, there was in good securities ten thousand dollars. The insurance money was fourteen thousand dollars, and all this, with the property left by their kind hearted friends, amounted to forty-eight thousand dollars. No alteration was made in their way of living, excepting that they had two stout women servants, and two more men in the garden and orchard, for the trees were loaded with fruit, and the garden yielded abundantly.

But these fourteen sisters! it is incredible how much they were alike. They were all of the same height and shape, their hands and feet were exactly of the same size, and their faces so alike that even their mother, and Aunt Nellie could not always call them by their right names. The only way that Ben Simmons could tell his favorite from the rest was by a black mole on her cheek. He had a brotherly love for them all, but Emma was thrown more in his way, for she had fine business talents and could assist him in his calculations. It was a settled affair that in another year they were to marry, but it was also a settled thing that they were both to live at Gable End Farm.

Meantime the city had been creeping out towards the little farm, and already there was a street laid out on which some very good houses were built. Ben Simmons saw the time approaching when Gable End Farm would be intersected by streets and completely built up with brick and mortar. He once or twice hinted it to Mrs. Loring, but she would not listen to it, she was as much attached to the farm as to her children.

Up, up crept the city, and now there were six or seven new streets and a handsome church and school house nearly opposite Gable End. They soon became acquainted with the clergyman, Mr. Brudenell, and to this family he was very much indebted, for his wife was in bad health, and his two children, a boy and girl, were very much neglected. Aunt Nellie not only prepared little delicacies for the sick woman, but she brought the children home and took care of them through the day. Two such noisy, riotous little creatures were scarcely ever seen, and the patience of Mrs. Loring was severely tried, but the moment that Aunt Nellie hinted that the poor things would soon be motherless, all the dislike to the noise vanished.

It was quite amusing to see the perplexity of the whole family about the little boy, the girl they could manage very well, but there had never been a boy in the house, and they could not tell what was necessary to be done. At first they thought he required different food, just as some apiarists suppose that by feeding a neuter or working bee with food of a kind different from the rest, and keeping it warmer, it could be transformed into a queen or female bee. Aunt Nellie knew better, and could have enlightened the Loring family if they had confided their perplexities to her, but they did not, for they had not defined them with any distinctness to themselves. In a short time, however, they discovered that Edgar ate the same meats, puddings and custards as his sister Martha did, and that the clothes *he* wore were no warmer than hers. This being clearly settled, they, one and all, began a system of training, and the good effects were perceptible in a month, so that Mr. Brudenell blessed the hour when he accepted the call to the parish. Mrs. Brudenell died shortly after they lost the good old partners, Gattie and Hiley, and it was the most natural act in the world to keep the children with them altogether, for badly as they had been managed before, it would now be still worse.

Four men for the farm now, and three maids for the house, for, independently of the fourteen sisters, their mother, and Aunt Nellie, Ben Simmons and Mr. Brudenell were added to their household—

"Twenty-four of us," said Mrs. Loring, exultingly, "and the expenses are not greater than formerly, when we consider how much the farm has improved."

Mr. Brudenell had married a shrew and a slattern, two bad qualities which are scarcely ever combined, for your shrews are generally thrifty, notable women, and your slatterns are always careless and easy tempered. The poor man could scarcely realize the happiness, the comfort of his new situation; here was order, thrift and cheerfulness, and his children, with every indulgence that was consistent with health and moral training, were now as docile and as obedient as a parent could desire.

Of course the neighbors predicted that in less than a twelvemonth there would be a new Mrs. Brudenell, and it could not be doubted that the eldest sister, Anna, was to be the bride. But there was no approach to it amongst those most interested, for Mr. Brudenell showed no preference, apparently he liked one sister as well as the other.

"My dear Mrs. Loring," said he, one day, "it is quite time to settle for the board upon children and myself, if you would not think it you too [illegible] trouble, it would be doing me the greatest favor in the world to allow me to remain here permanently; but that I fear is impossible."

Mrs. Loring looked amazed—"What!" said she, "pay me for the little you eat and drink. I wonder what put that in your head. You had better not let Aunt Nellie hear you talk in that way; you would fall down very low in her good opinion, and that would be a pity. Pray, say no more, unless you are not quite as comfortable as you wish, in that case we will try and make you more so."

Mr. Brudenell blushed, poor man, here were not only comforts, but luxuries, and the greatest luxuries of all was the innocent prattle of the fourteen sisters. They were full of talk; and sensible talk, too, such as a domestic man would delight in, and which few enjoy. Anna was now about twenty-five, and no one can tell how many lovers she might have had, if her sisters had been less fond of hovering round her. Belinda was the next, and she likewise might have married but for a similar reason. Mr. Brudenell was aware of it, for he was a sensible and observing man, and knew very well that independently of the good looks and pleasant tempers of the sisters, the family was known to be in prosperous circumstances.

"Nellie is eighteen years old to-day," said Mrs. Loring to Aunt Nellie, "she will never marry, indeed, I doubt whether any of them, excepting Emma, will marry, they are so shy."

"They are not in the least shy," said Aunt Nellie, "how can you think so. As to their never marrying, I don't think it will be a hardship if they all remain single. Only think! suppose they were all to marry and each one have fourteen girls—let me see—fourteen times fourteen makes one hundred and ninety-six, bless my soul, how would you like to have one hundred and ninety-six grand-daughters. No, no, let us run no such risks, for we can't find fourteen Aunt Nellies to nurse them."

Mrs. Loring laughed heartily, and thought it would be a pleasant thing to have one hundred and ninety-six grand-daughters; but they had scarcely composed themselves, after this burst of merriment, when Anna came blushing into the room, and told her mother that Mr. Brudenell wanted to speak to her.

Aunt Nellie saw how it was, at once, and threw her arms round Anna's neck, kissing her tenderly.

"And so you approve of it, dear Aunt Nellie, do you?"

"Approve, why Mr. Brudenell is as near perfection as men can be, and you will be a happy wife, but, oh dear, how cramped we are for room. Emma and dear Ben Simmons have the promise of the south chamber, and that is the best in the house, whereas, Mr. Brudenell being a clergyman, ought to have the preference."

Emma disappeared long before Aunt Nellie finished her speech. She went immediately to her sisters, and they, innocent girls, not doubting that their mother would give her consent, covered Anna with kisses.

"My dear Mrs. Loring," began Mr. Brudenell.

"Call me dear mother," said the frank, good-hearted lady, on seeing his embarrassment. "I never had a son, and you and Ben Simmons, therefore, come like a blessing. It was very right and proper in you to choose Anna, for she is the eldest and the wisest."

"You are very kind to receive me so cordially; but I have not told you that I am without fortune, and that my salary is only five hundred dollars a year."

"Enough, quite enough, and there is room enough here for you, if you can be content with the little blue room that you now occupy."

So it was settled, and when Mr. Brudenell opened the sitting room to look for Anna, the whole family rose to welcome him, and such joy was never seen before. "Two out of the fourteen are engaged," said Aunt Nellie, looking pleasantly at Mrs. Loring.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Original Sketch.

TEA TALES;

AS TOLD BY A PENSIONER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY E. F. WELD.

Why, the public feeling in those days had been worked up to such a pitch that those who indulged in tea-drinking were regarded, if nothing worse, as no patriots. Now up to this crisis the women had been with us heart and hand in every rebellious resolution—but when the cargo of tea was thrown overboard in Boston, there were some of the ladies that rather quavered at the deed of the liberty men. They went so far, some of them, as to declare that "that woful waste was a burning sin and shame in the sight of heaven and earth;" and insinuated that men that could plot and perpetrate such an act, would not be stopped short of considerable. Now it wa'n't so much sympathy for the loss of property as it was fear that their supplies of Bohea and Souchong would be cut off, and in their ignorance of matters and things in general, when they advocated rebellion, or, more correctly speaking, resistance; they never once dreamed that in a struggle for the fair thing, they would have no tea to inspire and invigorate them in their exertions.

Now you see in them days my old Aunt Sal that was, the minister's widow, and your grandfather's sister-in-law, Dorcas, together with Thankful Kenney, our Endurance, and your mother's Aunt Patience, used to just about, rule the roast in small things, and what was more, they knew who 'wound up the jack,' when there was more than common on the spit. Old Major Herrick did tell the minister once that he'd sooner a plaguey sight go through an Indian fight, than have a skirmish with them women.

"Well—well"—said the good old parson, and he looked over his shoulder before he spoke, for in them days it stood one in hand to be prudent—"Major," says he, "I believe I understand, and appreciate the justice of your remark, though you must always aim at charity, even in conversation," and then the good old man took another peep, just to assure himself that there was no one by, and seeing as how there wasn't a sample of female worth in sight, he smiled up all at once and said,—"I am free to confess that I concur with you in a measure, and must say, to speak from my own experience,"—and then he took another very deliberate look again, "that I opine that there is not any one of those ladies but what could talk a select-man dumb, and not a bit sleepy. But Major," he would add, "ain't they individually and collectively, exemplary patterns as women, mothers, wives and daughters."

Now it is not likely that I would speak disparagingly of [illegible] to any one, neither to you. It ar'n't in nature, and the whole gist of all that I have said, and what I would convey is this, that we've no right to look for more than human nature in a woman, and they do *set* by tea; and some of them sometimes does so much good, that a man don't know how to value them, and just as he makes up his mind that they are next to angels, they will cut up some capers that beats all out o' doors.

But this has nothing to do with the story. The news had come that the tea was thrown overboard, and we had a town meeting right straight off. The women they heard on't mayhap, sooner than the men folks, and they had their heads together. Well, in the main we approved, and they disapproved the act. We felt that regarding the tea question alone, that we couldn't do much. We couldn't throw tea overboard, 'cause there was no more to throw. But we could do this—put a stop to the use of it in our families, and if nobody would drink it why there would be no demand for it. This was all resolved on without consulting the women, but it got to their ears before their husbands had time to tell them. So—so—Mrs. ——— would say, "are you a going to put your tea pot on the 'buffet'? Don't let me influence you, I never want to make or meddle with any body's domestic affairs—but *I won't!*—so there! No, nor I—nor I!" And so they all went on, a regular rebellion and no storm in a tea pot either, as the saying goes now-a-days.

I'm an old man and my experience leads me to say, when speaking of the women, that there is as much difference in them as other folks. Now there is some as does seem to take a pleasure in anticipating a man's wish, and they go right to work and do a thing that you want done, before you have a chance to say so. But that sort of women, is about as rare as valuable. Then again, there are those that mean to do as you want them, but will hang back and be a little offish just for the sake of a kind word. Then when it does come to that, it is done. It is done too, in such a pleasant sort of a way, as if it was them that received the favor—and one feels really glad that he asked it. Again, I must needs say that there are some—but I guess it ain't worth one's while to talk about them—one thing I know, they will all talk and run on without even meaning or thinking what they are about.

It was just so in this case, in spite of these here declarations you've heard of their making, there was those who went straight home, and did not put the offending tea pot in the 'buffet'—but out of sight—others done it when they was asked, and I reckon some had to do it, whether or no, Tom Collins. Them as knowed the valuation of their Ebenezer when 'twas up, rose it there and then, to get the worst end of the bargain after all, and be laughed at all round town.

There was Freeborn Miles, he was a blasting out rock for the town's use, and it was strictly enjoined on him to be careful of powder. So he says, right before his wife, "I guess tea comes next to powder, and here's try its virtues a blowing rocks." And before she was really aware of what he was about, he'd emptied her caddy into the fissures of a charge-ledge, and blowed it all beyond accounting for. Another one never let on a word, but put up with his wife's tea drinking, and scolding. He'd become so well used to the latter in fact, that she used to say herself, "that scolding was of no earthly account." She never once dreamed of his daring to do anything contrary to her ideas of propriety, and chuckled to herself, and crowed over the other women as had knocked under. "Well there," says she, "I should like to have my good man make a fuss about tea once. Tell me I shouldn't make and drink it! Yes indeed I would!—he should know then the length of my tongue I'll warrant. Any time you feel inclined for a cup of tea come to my house, I've got a plenty, and he knows it, for there arn't that day goes over his head that I don't throw it in his teeth."

It appeared in the end, that he had as long a head as his wife a tongue. One day she poor soul, little dreaming the mischief as was as brewing, had the big iron pot over the fire. It was a Monday, and they was going to have a boiled dinner. There was the pork and cabbage, corned beef and 'taters, all boiling away to her heart's content, while she was attending to the hanging out of the wash. Meantime seeing the coast was clear, he went to ransacking and found the tea. There 'twas all nicely done up, and packed away where nobody would have thought of looking for it, as after all that had been said, she did'nt dare trust it in the caddy. He quietly tucks it into his coat pocket and goes poking about the kitchen for all the world as innocent as could be. Then he makes it appear as though he was cold, and backs right up to the fire-place as if to warm himself, and very slyly moves the lid off one side, and I don't believe that more tea at once was ever emptied into one boiling pot that he dropped into his wife's then.

No sooner had he done it than he felt his danger. He knew that his wife feared no earthly being except the minister, and his eye caught sight of the good man a trotting up the road, just as though he was sent to avert the storm, and out he runs and was successful in coaxing him to stop to dinner. It was some time before they was told dinner was a waiting, and the minister more than once wished he was at home. Although the doors was shut, and he sat in the front room, and the women were in the kitchen, he could hear enough to put him in mind of the day of the week, and what women were on that day, and he wished himself on the road again.

The beets were not one bit redder when they did set down than was Mrs. ——'s face. So no sooner was grace over, than in a good natured way the minister was told by the man why his wife was so long dishing up. The minister said "'twas awful times, and he felt more convinced every minute that there would be war."

"To be sure there will, and I only hope the Bay men wont forget what they done at Louisburg, and do as much now for themselves as they then done for the crown," rejoined his host. "No longer ago than this morning I spoke to cousin Jake, he being lame can't be expected to go as a soldier. I shall go with less trouble on my mind as he promises to work my farm at halves."

This talk was only policy, and it answered the purpose it was intended for, the wife forgot the loss of the tea, as she dwelt upon the probable loss of her husband.

The most laughable tea story however, and no less true, you hav'nt heard yet! There was one woman whose husband was at sea at the time of the tea excitement, and the women used to frequently go to her house to have a sociable talk and a quiet cup of tea. You see here they did not have to go into the barn, or down cellar to enjoy the forbidden beverage. Now as luck would have it he arrived one afternoon when there was one of these tea parties to come off at his house, and he had come quite [illegible] near supper time, and he was making tracks for home, as any married man would. He'd some distance to walk, and Joe Wood lived up his way and bore him company on the road home, and told him as they went along all about the tea excitement, what other people had done, and how women that did'nt, nor could'nt drink a cup of tea at home, made it a custom to do it at his house, and were there for that very purpose then.

"Never you mind Joe," says he, "leave me alone for a quiet trick and see if I don't sicken them of tea-drinking at my house when I am about, without a loud or unkind word either."

In he goes all of a sudden, or as he said, "taking them all aback." They were mighty glad to see him, and made quite a fuss over him, the more you know for being caught in such a scrape. They found that he had'nt stopped down in town, and judging from his manner, they deemed him ignorant of the prejudice against tea drinking, and the cause of it. Before they had done admiring some curiosities he'd brought home, or had heard enough of his wonderful stories, they were call'd in to tea, and they sat down now a simpering and smiling, looking as happy as though the human family did not know a wrong, and a cup of tea was the greatest enjoyment in nature. There was no clapping a stopper on the sailor's tongue, and it would have been a difficult matter for one to decide whether his stories which they heard, or the tea they were about to receive made them so happy.

The tea was poured out, sugared, and each cup had received its quantum of milk, and been handed to the respective ladies. Now they simpered, play'd with their tea spoons, stole looks at one another, looked serious and tasted again—except one inveterate old tea drinker, who declared "that for her part she never could play with any thing, but liked to have the good of it." So suiting the action to the word, she thinking of the second cup she was to have, swallowed nearly the half of the one in her possession—when turning pale she gasped, and precipitately retreated, to be followed by all the others. "Halloa" shouted the sailor, "are you all sea sick?" as soon as he could speak for laughing. Horror struck, the hostess stood with the tea pot in her hand, it's lid raised, regarding its contents. Curiosity brought her visiters about her, and those that were not qualmish before, acknowledged their weakness when their astonished gaze rested on a huge plug of tobacco floating with swollen dimensions in the tea which they had been drinking off. That was the crowner, and put an end to all tea drinking in his house, until public opinion again sanctioned the custom.

From the Monthlies.

A SUMMER SUNSET'S THOUGHT.

FROM BLACKWOOD.

How beautiful the setting sun
Reposes o'er the wave!
Like Virtue, life's drear warfare done,
Descending to the grave;
Yet smiling with a brow of love,
Benignant, pure and kind,
And blessing, ere she soars above,
The realms she leaves behind.

The cloudlets, edged with crimson light,
Veil o'er the blue serene,
While swift the legions of the night
Are shadowing o'er the scene,
The sea gull with a wailing moan,
Up starting, turns to seek
Its lonely dwelling place, upon
The promontory's peak.

The heaving sea, the distant hill,
The waning sky, the woods,
With melancholy musing fill
The swelling heart that broods
Upon the light of other days,
Whose glories now are dull,
And on the visions Hope could raise,
Vacant, but beautiful.

Where are the bright illusions vain,
That fancy boded forth?
Sank to the silent caves again,
Aurora of the North;
Oh! who would live those visions o'er,
All brilliant though they seem?
Since Earth is but a desert shore,
And life a weary dream!

☞ "Allow me to have the pleasure of your company," as the eagle said to the lamb.

Romance of Real Life

FROM CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

THE MISHAPS OF A YOUNG GERMAN.

A True Story.

In the year 1790, Alexander Facqz, Viscount de Honig, a young and enthusiastic German, determined to see the world, and acquire in the course of a few months a quantity of knowledge sufficient to last him the rest of his life. Leaving his mother's house in Suabia, he repaired first to Paris, for the purpose of getting some insight, if possible, into the French Revolution, which was then going on; but chancing shortly after his arrival to meet with a commercial friend who was on the point of setting out for London, he resolved to accompany him to that capital. The great metropolis afforded him occupation for some time; but at length beginning to think that he had exhausted London, and having heard much about the sister island, he resolved to pay a visit to Dublin. An essential preliminary to his trip was the receipt of a remittance from his mother. This having been written for and procured, the month of March, 1791, found him walking idly up and down the streets of Dublin, looking at Irish sights with German eyes, and forming from all that he saw the most German conclusions. Somehow or other, however, his money wore away much faster than he wished; and he soon found it necessary to send another letter to his mother, requesting the too-indulgent lady to forward him a second remittance.

Living in lodgings in expectation of money is at no time a very agreeable predicament, whether in Dublin or anywhere else; and in the year 1791, the transmission of letters, and especially of money letters, between this country and the continent, was attended with even greater risk than in these days of more correct management. Our young German waited and waited on, but the money never came. He told his landlord the true state of the case, and for a while his gentlemanly manners, his young honest-like face, and his interesting foreign accent, operated in his favor. The landlady would not allow the landlord to use him ill. Still, landladies are but human beings, and there are limits to the power of a lodger's face in attesting his promises of payment; and at length, after the bill had run to a considerable amount, the landlady went over to her husband's way of thinking, and our young German was arrested for the debt, and thrown into prison.

"A situation more dreadful can scarcely be conceived," a novelist would say; and, without going quite so far as this, we can well believe that, for a young German of birth and education, who had left his country to acquire a knowledge of men and manners, thus to find himself locked up in a Dublin prison, was somewhat unexpected, and certainly anything but pleasant.

A Dublin prison of the old school was quite a different thing from its modern representative. There was no obligation by law to support prisoners for debt; and there were cases in which such prisoners were supposed to have died of want, and many more in which deaths from want would have occurred, but for the charity of fellow-prisoners. Our hero's only hope lay in the expected arrival of his mother's long-delayed remittance. Alas! the remittance had miscarried. The viscount had made [illegible] of his expectation of a money letter; and when a bill drawn on a [illegible] in Dublin was addressed to him from London, some evil-disposed persons had managed to get possession of it, and feloniously converted it into cash. It was not till a month after that the viscount received another letter, apprizing him that the money had been sent. Why he did not pursue the parties for forgery, or at least compel the payers of the bill to do so, and by that means recover the amount, is not stated. The circumstance of being a stranger, and poor, may perhaps explain what is otherwise so unaccountable. Be this as it may, this unfortunate, and, as we must pronounce him, heedless young man, would have perished for want in prison, but for the compassion of his fellow-captives. His case was so peculiar, and his appearance so unusually interesting, that a prepossession was soon established in his favor, so strong, indeed, that they not only supported him by their charity in prison, but even set on foot a subscription for the purpose of discharging his small debt, and setting him at liberty. But here was another difficulty. What was he to do when he got out of prison, without any money in his pocket? Any ordinary person, with hands accustomed to work, and a mind used to buffet the world, would have found no difficulty whatever; would have launched out of prison and exerted himself nobly; but to our languid and lugubrious German, with his white hands and inactive disposition, there seemed no resource whatever. He thought himself positively the most wretched man on the face of the earth; and when he looked out at the prison window, it was with the sickly feeling of a man who, never having had to rely upon himself, could not conceive how locomotion was possible in this world without money, nor how money was procurable in any other way than by asking one's mother for it. Accordingly, a letter was despatched to his mother, acquainting her with his situation, and begging an immediate remittance; and in the meantime he remained in prison, and shared the bounty of Mr. Fawcet and Monsieur Lafontaine, two debt prisoners, who had taken a particular fancy to the unhappy foreigner.

Sunk pretty nearly to the verge of despair, in an evil hour temptation triumphed over the integrity of the weakly young man. About this time considerable sums were raised in England and Ireland by benevolent persons for the benefit of the French refugees; and it was suggested to Facqz, that, by representing himself to be a French refugee, he might obtain a sum of money sufficient to maintain him for some time, and so put an end to all his difficulties. It would be only a sort of loan; he could repay the money afterwards. So spake necessity; and our young hero had too yielding a constitution to resist the temptation. Having procured the money under the false pretence of being a French refugee, he prepared to leave prison and go in search of a lodging. It so happened that two men, who had been in the habit of visiting a friend in the Marshalsea, and who had become acquainted with Facqz, offered to accompany him, and find out a cheap and suitable lodging. Their names were James Jones and Thomas Neville. Seeking a lodging is a sore trial to anybody: greater men than our hero have sunk under it. It is an art only to be acquired by long practice; and it was with no small delight that Facqz accepted the kind offer of his two acquaintances to put him on the right track. Away went the three friends to seek lodgings. This street and that street were tried; this knocker knocked, and that bell rung; here a little slattern girl came to the door with a thin squeaking voice, there a huge dirty landlady; still the right place was not found. At last they came to a house with Mr. James P—— on the door-plate. Here surely was a respectable house, quite the thing that was wanted.

Mr. Jones, who seems to have been the obliging spokesman of the party, said they would be obliged to Mrs. P—— for a sight of the rooms up stairs. By all means, said the lady; and so Jones and Facqz proceeded in their explanatory tour of the apartments. Neville declined to ascend. He was very much fatigued, and begged to be allowed to take a seat in the parlor till his friends came down. This arrangement being quite agreeable to all parties, Mr. Neville seated himself in the room below, and before the return of Jones and Facqz, he contrived with little difficulty to appropriate a watch which hung over the mantelpiece. Something was wrong about the lodgings, and the party left the house; but hardly had they proceeded twenty paces when an alarm was raised. They were pursued and captured, and the watch found on Neville's person. On the 5th of October, 1791, they were tried before the recorder and magistrates of Dublin. Facqz, of course, protested his innocence, and no doubt he was innocent. But he had been in the company of two notorious swindlers, and to all appearance a coadjuter in the crime; and to crown his misfortune, it was now shown that he was a German, and not a Frenchman, as he had formerly declared himself to be. No man, it was argued, could be an honest man who had committed such a deliberate falsehood. Influenced by these considerations, the jury, included Facqz in the guilt of watch-stealing, and along with his two acquaintance he received sentence of transportation.

Behold our poor languid hero again in prison, and this time not for debt, but for felony, and waiting transportation. The mere imprisonment in such a place would have been punishment enough for the greatest crimes. There was then no established system of prison discipline; the prisoners were left to the tender mercies of the turnkeys; and those who could not bribe them, suffered the harshest treatment. Facqz had no money, and he became one of the victims.

In these dark days Mr Samuel Rosborough was the Howard of Ireland. The poor forgotten prisoners were his peculiar charge. For twenty years he had been accustomed to visit the prisons, rendering assistance to those who had no other friend. Facqz had heard of his name and character; and in the depths of his despair sent him the following letter:—

"Sir—From the many acts of generous kindness done by you to the unfortunate in this prison, I am induced to hope you will suffer my present melancholy tale to be heard by you, and interfere in my behalf.

"I am under the dreadful sentence of transportation, charged with committing a crime at which my nature revolts. To enter, however, upon any justification of myself at this time is not my object. From the 7th of this month, I have been lying in a cell, loaded with irons, which have been put on by Mr. Walsh, the turnkey, when he knew I had no money to give him. Well knowing you will not suffer me to remain any longer in this loathsome place without your merciful interference, I shall look with anxious expectation for you.

"During these five last days, my mind has enjoyed a calm by attentively listening to the prayers of an unfortunate man in the next cell, who, I hear, is shortly to suffer death. Oh that I was so near that period, for then I would be released from my sufferings!

"Excuse this freedom, and permit me in addition to my fervent prayers for your welfare, to subscribe myself—Your most obedient and devoted servant, ALEX. FACQZ.

October 26, 1791."

Mr. Rosborough immediately visited him; and his interference had the effect of procuring him better treatment. The poor prisoner began to hope that the same benevolence might be of use in procuring his release; and accordingly he sent many letters to Mr. Rosborough, giving an account of himself, his previous mishaps in Dublin, and the manner in which he had been brought into his present situation. A person possessed of more sense would have told his story in a plain, stright-forward, matter-of-fact way; but our young German's letters to Mr. Rosborough were so fanciful, so sentimental, and so full of ohs, and ahs, and adjectives, that the good philanthropist read them with considerable distrust. At length, however, owing to the considerate interposition of Mr. Lafontaine, who had now left prison, and who had procured some knowledge of the viscount's family, Mr. Rosborough was induced to listen to what Facqz told him, and to attribute the sentimentalism of his letters to their right cause—namely, to being a German, and one of weak character. "From me," wrote Facqz to him, "you dissipate every gloom, and cheer and vivify my whole soul. May you long live to enjoy that ennobling virtue which alone gives dignity. May every instance of benevolence and humanity shown by you in this and every other place, be blessed with success; and when the hoar-frost of winter's age shall besprinkle your head, and the divine lamp of life yield its last gleam, may you enjoy that felicity which is the portion allotted by him who said 'I was in prison and ye visited me.' I have requested Mr. Lafontaine to call on you. He will tell you who I am. If not redeemed from this horrible place, I shall perish. Mine eyes can scarce see what I have written; they are sore with weeping: my head aches for want of rest, and mine ears are tormented with hearing blasphemies. Oh that I had never been born, then should I be a stranger to such a place as this!"

Moved by these wailings, and by his own innate benevolence, Mr. Rosborough did make some interest with the recorder in the young man's behalf. But the sad fact of having passed himself off as a French refugee, and obtained money on false pretences, again rose up against him; for the recorder himself had been connected with the management of the refugee fund. Nothing could be done for such a person, and again Mr Rosborough gave him up. Oh that terrible falsehood!

Meanwhile, poor Facqz had been thinking of another way of effecting his escape. He had heard that money could do it, and he had written pressingly to Germany for money. Many wonderful escapes had been effected from the prison about this time, the mode of which was not discovered till afterwards. The principal agent in those escapes was the head-turnkey's wife. She had offered to give Facqz his liberty for forty pounds, and the following was to be the plan adopted. She was to administer to him draughts of tobacco water, and other narcotics, report him ill, and have him transferred to the hospital, where he was to grow gradually worse and die. When he was fairly dead, he was to be let out of prison; a corpse having been procured to be laid in his bed, for the satisfaction of the doctor. The plan may appear doubtful to our readers: but it had succeeded before, and Facqz hoped it might succeed in his case. But the forty pounds were still wanting; and the beginning of the year 1792 found him still languishing in jail.

Letter after letter he sent to Mr. Rosborough, beseeching him to reconsider his case; and at length the good gentleman began to get a notion of the real simplicity of our hero's character. He interested himself again in his behalf, and represented the affair as well as he could to the recorder. Here was a young German, he said, of good family, who had got into a scrape, whether owing to folly or criminality, he would not say; but would it not serve all the purposes of banishment to send him home to his friends in Germany, instead of incurring the expense of sending him to Botany Bay? The recorder was induced to use his influence with the lord-lieutenant, and the consequence was, that Facqz received a free pardon. The rapture of Facqz on this announcement being made to him, threw him into a fever, from which he did not recover without difficulty. On his recovery he plead his majesty's pardon in court, and was set at liberty, as will be seen from the following copy of a certificate, the original of which may be inspected by any one who chooses to consult the records of the clerk of the crown's office in Dublin:—"*Certificate*—'At an adjournment of sessions on the 31st of May, 1792, Alexander Facqz de Honig pleaded his majesty's free pardon, which was allowed by the court, and he was therefore discharged.'—Extracted from the crown books—ALLEN and GREENE, Clerks of the Peace."

Our hero's mishaps were not yet over. Taking leave of his kind friends, Mr. Rosborough and Mr. Lafontaine, he proceeded to Liverpool with a little money in his pocket, supplied by them. "I had scarcely landed in Liverpool," he says in the account which he afterwards wrote to Mr. Rosborough of his adventures, "when I narrowly escaped breaking my leg in consequence of the absence of enclosures for the cellars in that filthy town. Into one of these holes I fell, and stripped thereby the bone of my leg completely of the flesh from the ankle to the knee." Detained in Liverpool for a long time by this injury, his money was again all expended, and we hardly know by what means he arrived at York, whither it appears he had gone, with a view of proceeding thence to Hull, where he hoped to procure a passage to Hamburg. "I arrived at York," he says, "about five o'clock in the evening, with fourpence in my pocket, my shoes worn to pieces, the big toe of my right foot projecting out." Strolling into York minster, he attracted the notice of a benevolent and venerable clergyman, who entered into conversation with him, and after hearing his story, and putting its truth to the test by asking him questions which none but an educated man could answer, showed him much kindness, and not only paid his coach fare to Hull, but gave him a letter of introduction which secured his passage to Hamburg. At length, after several ups and downs more, he reached his home in Suabia, and was clasped in the arms of his own dear remittance-sending mother. One of his first cares, after reaching home, was to write to his friends, enclosing the amount of money he had borrowed from them.

Our hero had probably obtained more wisdom and business talent in the course of his Irish misfortunes, than he would have obtained by any other mode of training; for the remainder of his life exhibits more sense and sedateness than might have been expected. Having procured a commission in the Russian army, he proceeded to St. Petersburg, where the only drawback to the pleasure he took in his military duties was, that it was very cold. His abilities and accomplishments appear, however, to have succeeded in gaining him good friends; for, after serving in some inferior diplomatic stations, he was sent by the Empress Catherine on a mission to the English cabinet in the year 1796. He embraced the opportunity of doing two things, both of which were characteristic; in the first place, he bought a splendid carriage in London, with which he said he meant "to cut a dash in St. Petersburg;" and in the second place, revisited his friends in Ireland. "One morning," says Mr. Rosborough in narrating the story, "I received a message from the Kildare street hotel, informing me that a gentleman just arrived there wished to see me immediately. On repairing thither, I was received by a servant in gorgeous livery, who spoke with a foreign accent, and introduced me into a room, in which, to my unspeakable astonishment, I saw Viscount Facqz and Mr. Lafontaine seated at breakfast."

The three friends spent several happy days together. Unluckily, however, during our hero's visit, Mr. Lafontaine, whose circumstances were still embarrassed, was again arrested for debt; and it bespeaks the true character of our hero, that, though he had bought a splendid carriage, and was living in a princely style, he yet had no other means of extricating his friend out of his difficulty than by pledging his watch. After staying a week in Dublin, during which he visited his old prison, he returned to London, and thence to St. Petersburg, from which he kept up a constant correspondence with his two friends. In one of his letters, he tells them that he had recovered his estate at Honig, which had been taken possession of by the Carmagnoles; and he expresses his anxious wish that they were all three together living upon it, where he says "he would nurse and cherish them, and make them so happy, that they should be like *diamonds in cotton*." It was not till 1803, however, that, after having seen some hard service, and been completely shattered in health, he was able to retire to the Chateau de Honig. His last letter to his Irish friends is dated February, 1803, and in it he is as sentimental as ever. He appears to have died in the same year.

And now, what was this Alexander Facqz, Viscount de Honig? He was a specimen of what we often see in the world—an accomplished, amiable, interesting young man, with a tolerably good head, a very affectionate heart, and a weak, languid, unmuscular character, that always began crying when a difficulty came in the way.

Like Æsop of old, we may conclude our tale with a moral, which it may be well for all young persons, including gentlemen under the age of twenty-five, to bear in mind. Let nothing tempt you to tell a falsehood; take care of the company you keep; labor honorably for your bread; and try to depend as little as possible on remittances from your mother.

Biographical.

MADAME LAFAYETTE.

[The following testimony of the character of the wife of Lafayette is extracted from a letter written by him, after her death, inserted in his memoirs just published in Paris.]

"During thirty-four years of a union in which her tenderness, her goodness, her elevation, the generosity of her soul, charmed, embellished, did honor to my life, I was so accustomed to all that she was to me, that I did not distinguish her from my own existence. She was fourteen years old, and I was sixteen when her heart amalgamated itself with all which could interest me. I thought I loved her, that I could not do without her, but it was only when I had lost her, that I was able to discover what remained to me, for the close of a life which had been so diversified, and for which nevertheless there remains no longer either happiness or even content. Though she was attached to me, I may say so, by the most passionate sentiment, I never perceived in her the lightest shade of authorativeness (*d'exigence*) or discontent; never anything which did not leave me the entire freedom in all my undertakings. And if I go back to the days of our youth, I find in her, traits of an unexampled delicacy and generosity. You saw her, sociated, heart and soul, in all my sentiments, my political wishes, enjoying everything which might confer honor on me; still more, as she would say, what made me to be wholly known, and more than all, glorying in those occasions when she saw me sacrifice glory to a sentiment of goodness. Her aunt, Madame Tesse, said to me yesterday, 'I never could have imagined that one could be such a fanatic for your opinions, and yet so free from party spirit.' Indeed, her attachment to our doctrines never for a moment abated her indulgence, her compassion, her good will for persons of another party. She was never soured by the violent hatred of which I was the object, the ill treatment and injurious conduct toward me, were regarded by her as follies indifferent to her, from the point from which she looked at them, and where her good opinion chose to place me.

"Here was a most entire devotion. I may say that during thirty-four years, I never suffered for a moment the shadow of a restraint, that all her habits were, without affection, subordinate to my convenience, that, I had the satisfaction to see my most sceptical friends as constantly received, as well beloved, as much esteemed, and their virtues as completely acknowledged as if there had been no difference of religious opinion, that she never expressed any other sentiment than that of hope, that in continuing to reflect, with the uprightness of heart which she knew belonged to me, I should finally be convinced. It was with this feeling she left me her last regards, begging me to read for the love of her some books, which I shall certainly examine again with new interest, and calling her religion, to make me love it better, perfect freedom. She often expressed to me the thought that she should go to Heaven, and dare I add that this idea was not sufficient to reconcile her to quitting me. She often said to me, life is short, full of trouble, may we meet again in God. May we pass eternity together. She wished me, she wished us all the peace of the Lord. Sometimes she was heard praying in her bed. One of her last nights there was something celestial in the manner in which she recited twice in succession, with a firm voice, a passage of Scripture applicable to her situation, the same passage which she recited to her daughter on perceiving the spires of Olmutz. Shall I speak to you of the pleasure, ever renewed, which an entire confidence in her gave me, which was never exacted, which was received at the end of three months as at the first day, which was justified by a discretion proof against all things, by an admirable understanding of all my feelings, my wants, and the wishes of my heart. All this was mingled with a sentiment so tender, and opinion so exalted, a worship, if I dared to speak, so sweet and flattering, more especially gratifying, as coming from the most perfectly natural and sincere person who ever lived."

KEEN.—Here is a bit of the late Sydney Smith's sarcasm:—"Every animal has its enemies, the land tortoise has two enemies—man and the boa constrictor,—man takes him home and roasts him; and the boa constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior, as the Court of Chancery does a great estate."

BAD THINGS.—An unfaithful lover, a dirty cook, a smoky house, a perpetual scold, an aching tooth, an undutiful child, an imprudent servant, an intemperate parent, husband, or wife, an incessant talker, a first-rate appetite and nothing to eat, a hog that breaks through enclosures, a dull shaving razor, bugs in a bed-chamber, and a dandy.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Sears' Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

THE POST OFFICE.

The new Post Office Law went into operation on Tuesday. We have more than once published its main provisions, and presume our readers are sufficiently acquainted with them. But as a matter of convenience to the residents in the towns within thirty miles of this city, we again insert the following list of places, in which newspapers published in Philadelphia, may be received free of postage. Our friends will find this such a material reduction in the expense of the Post, that we count on doubling our list, at least, in the towns named below.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Abington
Andalusia
Attleboro
Blue Bell
Bridesburg
Bridgewater
Bristol
Buckingham
Bunker Hill
Bustleton
Byberry
Chaddsford
Chestnut Hill
Chester
Concordville
Conshohocken
Crooked Hill
Danboro
Darby
Davisville
Dilworthtown
Doe Run
Dallington
Dublin
Edgemont
Falls of Schuylkill
Feasterville
Fox Chase
Francisville
Franconia
Frankford
Fraser
Germantown
Gibbon's Tavern
Gum Tree
Haddington
Hamorton
Hartsville
Hatboro
Haverford
Hickorytown
Hillegas
Hilltown
Holmesburg
Horsham
Howellville
Hulmeville
Ivy Mills
Jeffersonville
Jenkintown
Kensington
King of Prussia
Kingsessing
Leiperville
Leverington
Lima
Limerick
Line Lexington
Lower Merion
Manayunk
Marcus Hook
Marshalton
Mechanicsville
Milestown
Montgomeryville
Morrisville
Nether Providence
Newportville
Newtown
Newtown Square
Norristown
Norritonville
Painter's X Roads
Paoli
Penn's Grove
Phoenixville
Pleasant Valley
Port Richmond
Richboro
Richlandtown
Rising Sun
Rock Hill
Royer's Ford
Salfordville
Schwenck's Store
Sellers' Tavern
Shannonville
Skippack
Somerton
Sorrel Horse
Shimersville
Spread Eagle
Spring Garden
Spring House
Thornton
Trappe
Trumbauersville
Tullytown
Tylersport
Union Square
Upper Dublin
Valley Forge
Village Green
Warrington
West Chester
West Haverford
West Philadelphia
White Hallville
White Marsh
Willow Grove
Worcester
Vincent
Thornbury

NEW JERSEY.

Atsion
Bordentown
Burlington
Camden
Carpenter's Landing
Chew's Landing
Cinnaminson
Clarksboro
Columbus
Evesham
Franklinville
Gloucester Furnace
Glassboro
Good Intent
Haddonfield
Harrisonville
Jacksonville
Jobstown
Juliustown
Long-a-Coming
Malaga
Medford
Moorestown
Mount Holly
Mullica Hill
Pedricktown
Penn's Grove
Pemberton
Pittsgrove
Rancocas
Recklesstown
Swedesboro
Vincentown
Waterford, W
Westville
Winslow
Woodbury
Wrightstown
Woodstown

DELAWARE.

Wilmington
Centerville

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Never was a suggestion better remembered and observed than that of the revolutionary patriot, who said that the Fourth of July should be commemorated with the boom of artillery, and all possible tokens of rejoicing. It is the one day in the year on which parties forget their divisions, and men of all political creeds recognize each other by the common and glorious name of countrymen. It is a season which prompts the highest gratitude to Him in whose hands are the destinies of nations—a day on which the patriot remembers those brave and conscientious men who were the instruments of the political redemption of the country. Nor are their successors forgotten who have come later upon the stage, and maintained the integrity of the glorious heritage which was bequeathed to this people by the heroes and sages of seventy-six.

A time to remember the past, it is a fitting moment also to look forward to the future. Remembering what has been accomplished, there is no unreasonable nor presumptuous vanity in counting on a future destiny for this great republic, in the true glory of which all past national glory shall grow dim. In the peaceful victories which the example and progress of this country are to win by their influence and example, there will be no drawback in the wailings of widows and the miseries of orphans. The United States came into the ranks of the nations as the great apostle of peace. The history of this people has demonstrated that the true policy of a nation is peace—and that the substantial prosperity and true glory of a nation are based on her avoidance of aggression and violence. The centennary of American Independence, now only some thirty years distant, will look back upon the proudest century in the annals of any nation.

Between the past and the future, we are warned to be particularly mindful of the present. The only mode to secure to our children the privileges that we have derived from the past, is so to fulfil our duties that when we are looked back upon, it may be as upon men who were worthy to stand in so glorious a line as Providence has ordained for us.

These thoughts may appear trite and common-place. But the very words of this objection suggest the danger to which we are mainly liable as a people—the danger that our peace and security may beget in us indifference, and cause too low an appreciation of the many blessings which we enjoy—not political, merely, but social and religious. If the reader would contrast our condition with that of other lands, we refer him to the not overwrought picture, by D'Israeli, of the condition of the rural population of England. It will be found in another column of this day's paper; and is one only of the many startling declarations made by modern British writers, about the internal state of that over-peopled land.

Here we have "ample room and verge enough," and with the slightest feeling of inconvenience from straightened quarters, our population takes the hint and rolls on, still to tard the unoccupied West. Thus wave after wave will roll onward, until the two oceans shall be the boundaries of republics, limited only by the limits of the continent, and the old world, in the last stages of the decrepitude of its time-honored abuses, will borrow new light and life from Young America.

QUITE A TAKE-IN.

The New York papers state that as Mrs. John O'Hera, of Brooklyn, was crossing the Catharine Ferry, on Wednesday evening week, between 8 and 9 o'clock, she took her seat in the cabin, and a young man who held an infant about three weeks old in his arms came up. The child commenced crying, and out of pure good nature, Mrs O'H. took it, quieted its wailings, and returned it to the young man. As the boat neared the wharf, the child recommenced crying, when the man requested the lady to hold it until he could find its mother. This she did, and waited a full hour for him to return; but has seen no signs of him since. She then took the child home with her, leaving her address at the ferry.

CAPE MAY.

The accommodations at Cape May are, it is stated, now sufficient for three thousand five hundred persons, having been increased one-fifth since the last season. The hotels are already filling up, and the summer pleasure city promises to have all the bustle and life which give watering places their charm. Cape May is so readily accessible from this city that it will always be the favorite bathing place for Philadelphians.

PROFANITY.

It is stated in the papers that there are no oaths in the Choctaw tongue. When an Indian wishes to be profane, he borrows the English expressions, which are the worst and most hideous in use.

To the above two or three lines we are induced to add some facts and comments,—the former picked up by personal observation, in the old world and new. We have heard innocent children of Spanish parents in South America repeating the most filthy, obscene and horrid oaths and imprecations; altogether unaware of their terrible or filthy meaning, but supposing, from their frequent recurrence in the mouths of such North Americans and Englishmen as they chanced to overhear, that these words, so frequently recurring, must be pleasant figures of speech. And we have heard the filthy and abandoned among foreigners, rolling out the same disgusting language, unaware also of its precise import, but sensible that the English they oftenest heard, was most suitable to their mouths and condition.

We have heard a Russian official, when his dignity was touched, swear worse than "our army in Flanders," but in the most ludicrously disjointed and incoherent manner, in defiance of all grammar, meaning and common sense. And the fellow was pluming himself upon his eloquent indignation, and wondering what was ludicrous in his speech that the bystanders laughed.

In the West Indies, and at different ports on the continent of Europe—where intercourse with Britons and North Americans had accustomed the people of the lower ranks to hear the English language spoken, we have heard this disgusting testimony to the foul-mouthed propensities of our countrymen and cousins over the water.

Nor is the matter of recent growth only. So long ago as the time of Joan d'Arc, we find the English nicknamed in accordance with this habit. The Maid of Orleans designated her foes as the "*Anglaise Dam-me-eyes!*" Nor have we Americans failed to inherit this title, let the title to Oregon be in whose hands it may.

It is really painful to pass in the streets the knots of youngsters who make the air hideous with their blasphemy. Children scarce breeched puff foul segar smoke, and the fouler breath of malediction against your legs as you go by. And these children, thus growing up in contempt of every thing sacred and respectable—despising restraint, contemning decency, and seeking voluntary debasement, and wallowing in the mire, are, by and bye, to be among the arbiters of the destinies of the republic.

It is impossible that this vice of foul speech can grow up with a child without tainting the whole man. It is impossible that a lad can be habitually profane and obscene, and still be conscientious in other particulars. When such miserable and gratuitous iniquity is rolled like a sweet morsel under the tongue, you may be certain that an inducement to do wrong need not be offered twice to the tempted.

It is not saying too much to attribute the disgraceful rowdyism and violence, in which too many of our young men seek amusement, to the habit of foul and profane conversation. One vice springs naturally—we had almost said necessarily from the other. If the delusion be harbored that it is *manly* thus to outrage propriety, the sooner the young offenders are disabused of that mistake, the better. Parents, guardians and masters, owe it to their consciences, and to their country, to endeavor to effect a reform in a matter which belongs emphatically to their jurisdiction.

REVERSES.

The Courier des Etas Unis, published in New York, has a Paris correspondent, whose letters are among the most off hand and spicy published. In a late epistle he relates two curious incidents, as illustrative of the extraordinary freaks dame Fortune will sometimes practise upon mankind. He states that several years since, Mons. Duchemin emigrated from France, and came to reside in this country, and settled in some part of Louisiana, where he lately died, leaving a fortune of seven millions of dollars, but no issue to inherit it. As soon as this fact became known in Paris a host of relatives suddenly appeared, whose consanguinity was unquestionable, however far removed in its degree; but all of these failed to establish the fact, and two young sisters, Rose and Blanche, are the only persons whose claims have been recognized, and their titles are now under verification, and they await the decision of the judge to decide whether they shall receive an income of two hundred thousand livres or three francs a day, which they now earn, as simple *modistes*, at the establishment of Madame Baronne, place Vendome.

As a reverse to this, the same correspondent states that a friend of his lately had occasin to make a visit in the Rue de la Michodiere, and not knowing the number of the house where his acquaintance lived, he inquired for him of a porter, at one of the miserable looking mansions for which that street is remarkable.

"He does not live here," said the porter, in reply; "this is the house of the Prince de la Paix."

This announcement caused not a little surprise;—the Prince de la Paix! in that miserable house, and in that obscure street! he who had passed his time in palaces—who had been among the most brilliant of Europe—who had had his company of body guards—duchesses awaiting his commands, and a queen at his feet! To have been the Mazarin and the Potemkin of his country; to have held in his hands the destinies of a great people, and then, at the age of eighty years, to be a *poor bourgeois of Paris!* Truly Fortune is indeed a fickle jade.

GREAT ROBBERY.

A carpet-bag, containing $10,000 in gold, in two bags equally divided, was sent by the American Exchange Bank, of New York, to the Meriden Bank, at Meriden, Conn., and deposited in the mate's state-room, on board the steamer New Champion, on Saturday morning last. During the passage through the sound to New Haven, some one effected an entrance to the room, forced open the carpet-bag and stole one of the bags, containing $5,000, with which he managed to escape, leaving the tag of the bag behind him, with the amount marked upon it. From the fact that the thief left the other bag, as also a package of $2,350 in bills for the Phœnix Bank Hartford, undisturbed, it is supposed that the robbery was effected by some green hand at the business—probably by some one employed upon the boat.

THE WHEAT CROP.

The next intelligence from Europe is looked for with much interest by the farmers, and the flour dealers, as, upon the reports which it may bring of the British Harvests, depends the price of wheat. Some of the dealers in Maryland, as we observe by the Hagerstown News, have already been contracting for wheat, to be delivered in August, at one dollar per bushel. This price is, no doubt, in part, predicated upon a short crop; but it is, as yet, hardly time to estimate with certainty what the crops will be. From the reports which we find in the papers in different sections, there would seem to be little doubt that the crops will be an average one. The effect of the excessive drought has been in part removed by copious rains, and the injury done by the untimely frosts proves less extensive than was expected.

EMIGRATION.

To the 1st of June, 7,000 emigrants had arrived at Quebec, and the government agent there had received notice that 55,000 had contracted for passage during the season, and nearly all from Ireland. The number expected to come to Canada and the States from the three kingdoms, is estimated by some as high as 150,000. The rest of Europe will probably send to the States 75,000 more.

THE STATE INTEREST.

It is now a "fixed fact"—so far as any fact in the future can be fixed, that the interest due on the debt of Pennsylvania will be paid on the first of August next.

PRESIDENT JONES.

The President of Texas has proclaimed a cessation of hostilities between that country and Mexico until the meeting of Congress. Meanwhile he states in the same instrument, that overtures for a treaty have been received from Mexico, on the basis of the separate existence of Texas. President Jones manifestly leans toward this manner of adjusting the matter; and the influence of Britain has been no doubt busily plied. The people will, however, determine the matter.

The Havana correspondent of the Washington Union, under date of June 7, says:

> The British steamer arrived this morning from Vera Cruz, bringing important and unexpected intelligence. Through British and French intrigue, Capt. Elliott, the charge at Texas, was the bearer of the following propositions from the Texian to the Mexican government. For the acknowledgment of her independence, Texas offers an indemnity of twenty millions of dollars—fifteen payable in the Mexican debt, and five in cash—and binds herself not to annex to the United States. England and France guaranty her fulfilment of these propositions. A decree was passed, May 12th, by large majorities in both houses of Congress, enabling the cabinet to receive and deliberate on the Texas propositions; and the business was settled on the 28th. Capt. Elliott sailed for New Orleans in the Eurydice, and the Texian Commissioner for Galveston in the French brig-of-war La Perouse. It is understood that England furnishes the money, pays the Texian debt, and grants her some important commercial privileges. The Mexican government has effected a loan of three millions from the English house of Messrs. Manning & McIntosh, payable in daily instalments of thirty thousand dollars for one hundred days—terms of the loan not generally known.

This agrees with rumors which have reached us via New Orleans. There is no doubt whatever that England would have been glad to effect an arrangement of this kind; and President Jones is in all probability equally anxious, if we may judge any thing from his public acts and expressions. But, in a republic the people have a voice and will be consulted. While upon the subject of rumors, we may mention that the Washington Union says, in contradiction to a current report, that Mr. Packenham has not intimated to Mr. Buchanan that he guaranties to the American Government the pacific intentions of Mexico, or insinuated that an embassador from the United States would be heartily welcomed in Mexico.

FUNERAL HONORS.

From every part of the country we are receiving notices of the honors paid to the memory of Andrew Jackson. In this city the day of the obsequies (Thursday week) passed with deep solemnity, and closed in Sabbath quiet. The eulogy, by the Vice President, had the warmth of a friend, with the judicious discrimination of a man who was addressing all parties, and who therefore dwelt principally on those passages in which all could unite.

In New York, Hon. B. F. Butler made a most eloquent oration. In Washington, on Friday week, the people of the District united in a procession which formed at the north front and western extremity of the President's Square, and was composed of immense numbers of civic and military officers of the Government, including the President of the United States, Heads of Departments, members of Congress, and officers of the Navy and Army; many of the resident volunteer military companies of the District, Literary, Masonic and other associations, and vast numbers of citizens and strangers. The Georgetown Advocate speaks of the eulogy of Mr. Bancroft, as a production of surpassing eloquence, and in every respect worthy of his reputation as a scholar and a thinker.

Among the names of gentlemen who have delivered, or are to deliver eulogies, we observe the following:

Hon. Andrew Stevenson, at Richmond, Va.

Gen. Benj. C. Howard in Baltimore, on Tuesday last.

Hugh A. Garland has been selected by the citizens of Petersburg, Va.; the ceremonies will take place on the 12th of July.

Hon. F. H. El[illegible] the orator in Charleston.

Ex-President Houston, of Texas, probably would be requested to pronounce a eulogy upon the life and character of General Jackson, at Louisville, Ky., on the 3d of July.

Hon. Pliny Merrick, of Worcester, is to deliver the eulogy on the character of Gen. Jackson, before the Municipal authorities of Boston, on the 9th inst.

CANADA.

It is stated in the correspondence of a Rochester paper, that in some circles in Canada, the war fever is very high. We do not doubt it. Patriotism with some people is graded entirely by what they conceive to be their interest. The 6,000 British troops in Canada, would, in the event of a war, require to be quadrupled; and the feeding of these men, and other expenses attendant upon their support, would make many fortunes for some of the Canadians. There are men who would fire a city to obtain light to pick up a penny by; and we believe those Canadians who desire war with this country are that class of people. As a dependance of the British crown, Canada would rise into importance, and in the event of a successful war, might derive profit. That is to say, the few might derive profit, and the miseries of the many would not mar their satisfaction, or abate their avarice. The chances of promotion and temporary importance to obscure colonial dignitaries, and men celebrated in six mile circuits, form another class of "patriotic" inducements to desire carnage and slaughter.

But there are other circumstances which the far-seeing should not forget. It is not many years since events inscribed the fact in blood, that all Canadians are not loyal subjects of Great Britain. The United States government might have revolutionized Canada at that time, if it had so chosen. In the event of a war, Great Britain will have abundant need of her troops in her own colonies. There are many old sores and difficulties remaining unhealed, which will, whenever war occurs between Great Britain and the United States, be found troublesome distempers to treat. The war would be, not between England and the United States, but between England and all North America, except, perhaps, Mexico.

THE DORR CASE.

The Legislature of Rhode Island have passed an act remitting the punishment and penalties for offences hitherto committed against the State of Rhode Island, as defined in the Act of April 2d., 1842, releasing all prisoners, staying all prosecutions, and forbidding all new proceedings on charges dated previous to the passage of this act of amnesty. The act provides, however, that no person who has been actually sentenced, shall be restored to citizenship, until he shall have subscribed an oath of allegiance to the State.

Under this act Mr. Dorr was liberated from prison on Saturday, and his friends were out in great force to testify their joy at his deliverance. He was conducted to his residence by a numerous and enthusiastic escort; guns were fired, and flags were hoisted; and while those most interested in his cause were exceedingly hilarious, nobody of any party viewed, other than with complacency, the enlargement of a man who seems to be personally very much beloved. He had not at last dates taken the oath of allegiance.

PRINCETON COLLEGE.

This flourishing institution has now been established for a century, and the faculty have resolved to celebrate its centennary in a becoming manner. Some of the most celebrated names in the history of the country are among its alumni; and we trust that the proceedings of the celebration will include such a report as will give old Princeton her due in counting up these jewels.

A NEW REPUBLIC

It is stated that the Mexican province of California has set up for itself, declared its independence, and modelled a government after that of the United States. Many emigrants from this country find their way there, and more will, if the Oregon fever continues.

WOODEN NUTMEGS.

Wooden nutmegs are not the only staple of Connecticut. The town of Derby in that State has become so celebrated for certain manufactures, that the village where they are rapidly growing up is called Birmingham. There is a pin manufactory, and also a manufactory of hooks and eyes there, where the process of manufacture is assisted by some recent invention, which the proprietors keep secret. The machinery for this purpose was invented by Dr. Howe, and is vastly superior to any machinery used in the manufature in Europe. The pins and paper are put into a hopper and come out "ready ground:" the machine for sticking the pins on paper is a very different invention, by Mr. Waters, an operative in the establishment, and accomplishes the same labor in a day which formerly required fifty girls. Two and a half tons of pins are put up at this establishment in a week, and the quantity is soon to be increased. There are only three other pin factories in the United States, one at Waterbury, Conn., one at Troy, N. Y., and another at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A manufactory of tacks and brads furnishes 200 tons of these articles a year, by a very simple machinery which can turn out 1,000 tacks a minute. Another turns out about 200 tons of hooks and eyes annually. This village is also, we believe, the only place where the smelting of copper is carried on in the United States, although extensive works for this purpose are in process of construction at several other places. It is melted in a large furnace, and cast in oblong blocks of seventy-five to one hundred pounds weight. From this it is heated, rolled and cast into all the variety of shapes desired, by simple and ponderous machinery. A sheet of copper, two or three inches thick, is cut as easily and as quickly as a piece of paper, and yields to the pressure of the rollers as easily as wax.

IMPORTANT SUIT.

A curious case is about to be tried in Boston which will excite a good deal of interest, able counsel being employed on both sides. For the plaintiff, Messrs. Webster and Choate, and for the defendant, Judge Warren and others. The result will be full of importance to hundreds of poor Millerites, who sold and gave away all their possessions, and should the sale in this case be annulled, our lawyers will have rich pickings from numerous similar suits. The case is as follows:

A gentleman of property, supposing the end of the world at hand, transferred all his effects to his eldest son, with the understanding that they should be divided among the rest of the children. A correspondent of the N. Y. Express says, that having arranged all his temporal affairs, he set out in the beginning of 1843, a few months before the time appointed by Miller for the general conflagration, on a mission through the country, preaching the doctrine of Millerism, and exhorting all to leave their homes and lands, as he had done and prepare for the coming of the Lord. He continued his mission till the appointed day had passed. Then his zeal began to abate, and gradually his faith weakened, till some months since he came to the conclusion that he had been the victim of a cruel delusion. He engaged again in business of some kind, and, it is said, required his son to furnish him with more means than he thought it safe to entrust him with, or than he could conveniently spare. Not being able to obtain money in this way, he has commenced a suit against his son for the recovery of the whole property. His plea is that at the time he made the sale, he was laboring under a delusion, and was therefore not in a sound state of mind.

WELL REBUKED.

We learn from the Marietta Intelligencer that at the examination of a supposed incendiary before a justices court, his counsel, Wm. Wall, came into the court-room brandishing two large horse pistols, declaring in case he was attacked he would use them. His object was to overawe court, witnesses, and opposing [illegible] was furnished with a small syringe, which he loaded with water to the muzzle, placed on the end of the table opposite the horse pistol advocate, and by his gesticulations intimated that the shooting irons had better be handled carefully, for here was a weapon of defence that wouldn't miss water, though the pistols might miss fire. The people shouted, and Wm. Wall, Esq., looked as if he would be glad to crawl into his own vest pocket. The court directed the sheriff to take the pistols into his possession, and Mr. Welch, although preferring to retain his weapon, said he would give it up as directed by the court, and accordingly handed it over to the officer.

A SPLENDID OPENING.

The following opening words of Mr. Bancroft, in his eulogy pronounced on Gen. Jackson, cause a patriotic thrill, which we possess neither the desire nor the power to suppress. To-day, above all other days, are we in duty beholden to remember the men of old.

> "The men of the American Revolution are no more. That age of creative power has passed away. The last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence has long since left the earth. Washington lies near his own Potomac, surrounded by his family and his servants. Adams, the colossus of independence, reposes in the modest grave yard of his native region. Jefferson sleeps on the heights of his own Monticello, whence his eye overlooked his beloved Virginia. Madison, the last survivor of the men who made our constitution, lives only in our hearts. But who shall say that the heroes, in whom the image of God shone most brightly, do not live forever? They were filled with the vast conceptions which called America into being: they lived for those conceptions, and their deeds praise them."

A BAD HABIT.

It is stated that the consumption of opium is frightfully upon the increase in Great Britain. A single vessel, the Duke of Cornwall, recently arrrived from Constantinople, brought 23 tons 3 qrs. and 12 lbs. of this deadly drug. When the use of this article once obtains in a nation, it is a species of inebriation which is infinitely more ruinous than any other. But if England should become thus afflicted, it would be but the return of the poisoned chalice to its own lips. The opium war against China—the monster national sin of this century,—will not be suffered by a just Providence to pass unavenged.

BOSTON.

The Boston Journal gives some interesting figures relative to that city. It has grown, in population, since 1790, from 18,320 to 75,063 in 1840, or probably 110,000 in 1845. The increase from 1790 to 1840, was 75,063 or 409.73 per cent. It was over five times that of the other parts of the Commonwealth. In 1790 the population of Boston was less than a twentieth part of that of the whole State; in 1840, more than an eighth part. This increase shows the tendency to a centralization of the population in Boston during the fifty years.

THE DEFENDER.

There was something singularly appropriate—natural and affecting, in the manner in which the news of the death of Gen. Jackson was received in New Orleans. Without waiting for the call of a meeting, the people gathered, *en masse*, around the Exchange, to express their sorrow at the loss of one who had so nobly defended their city. The Mayor was called upon to preside, and after several impressive speeches, the usual preliminaries for a public demonstration in honor of the departed Chief, were unanimously adopted.

A HIT.

We find the following hit at Thiers, going the round of the English Press: "A friend of M. Guizott's having visited him the other day, found him in his garden walking, and engaged in the perusal of a volume of M. Thiers' History. The visitor inquired after the minister's health. '*Je me porte tres bien*,' was the reply; '*vous voyez, je lis les romans*.' I am quite recovered; you see, I read romances."

HAYTI.

All still remained quiet on the Island of St. Domingo, at last advices, and we may therefore hope that the vexed island is at last permanently at rest.

PITTSBURG.

We are exceedingly gratified to hear of the bustle and enterprise of the city of Pittsburg. Under the activity and hearty courage of the citizens, aided by friends without, the traces of the disaster are fast passing away. The Chronicle states that about *fifteen hundred* buildings are in the course of erection in the "burnt district." The number already completed is supposed to be something over one hundred. By next autumn the greater portion of the "burnt district" will be rebuilt, and in most cases with good and substantial brick buildings.

OUT OF THE WAY!

The Journal de Paris says that an operative in the Rues des Vielles Andriettes, has invented a machine to make shoes, by means of which any person possessing sufficient strength to turn a wheel, can in the course of a day finish fifty pairs of excellent shoes of every size. This story is rather tougher than sole leather.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

GREAT INUNDATION—FACES IN A CROWD—CONTINUED RISE OF THE WATER—A GERMAN FIRE.

Frankfort on the Main, April 6, 1845.

Old Winter's gates are shut close behind us, and the sun looks down with his summer countenance. The air, after the long cold and rain, is like that of Paradise, and the buds are opening by steam, to make up for the time they have lost. All things are gay and bright; everybody is in motion, and I must be in motion, too, before long. Spring commenced with yesterday in earnest, and lo! before night the roads were all dry and fine as if there had been no rain for a month; and the gardeners dug and planted in ground which, eight days before, was covered deep with snow!

After having lived through the longest winter here, for one hundred and fifty years, we were destined to witness the greatest flood for sixty, and little lower than any within the last three hundred years. On the 28th of March, it had over-flooded the high pier along the Main, and rising still higher and higher, began to come into the gates and alleys. Before night the whole bank was covered, and the water began to intrude into some of the booths in the Romerberg. When I went there, the next morning, it was a remarkable sight. Persons were inside the gate with boats; so rapidly had it risen, that many of the merchants had no time to move their wares, and must suffer great damage. They were busy rescuing what could be got in the haste, and constructing passages into the houses which were surrounded. All business had ceased; in fact, no one seemed to think of buying or selling, but only on the best method to escape the danger. Along the Main it was still worse. From the measure, it had risen seventeen feet above its usual level, and the arches of the bridge were filled nearly to the top. At the Upper-Main gate, every thing was flooded—houses, gardens, workshops, &c., and the water had even overrun the meadows above, and come down and attacked the city from behind, so that a part of the beautiful promenades lay deep under water. On the other side, we could see houses standing in it up to the roof, and the dwellings in Sachsenhausen, that lay on the river, were filling up as fast as the water would run into their second story windows. What was worse, it came up through the sewers into the middle of Frankfort, and a large body of men were always at work constructing slight bridges to walk over on, and transporting boats to places where they were needed. This was all done at the expense of the city, and the greatest [illegible] everywhere manifested to render all possible assistance. In the Fischergasse, I saw them taking provisions to the people in boats, and one [illegible] of bread to the end of a broomstick, and reached it across the narrow street, from an upper story window, to the neighbor opposite. News came that Hausen, a village towards the Taunus, about two miles distant, was quite under water, and that the people clung to the roofs and cried for help; but it was fortunately false. However, about noon, cannon shots were heard, and twenty boats were sent out from the city.

In the afternoon I ascended the Cathedral, which commands a wide view of the valley, up and down. Just above the city the whole plain is like a small lake—between two and three miles wide. A row of new-built houses stretched into it like a long promontory, and in the middle, like an island, stood a country-seat, with large out-buildings. The river sent a long arm out below, that reached up through the meadows behind the city, as if to clasp it all and bear it away together, while it extended on, further down, like a winding lake. A heavy storm was raging along the whole extent of the Taunus; but a rainbow stood in the Eastern sky. I thought of the promise, and hoped, for the sake of the hundreds of poor people who were suffering by the waters, that it might herald their fall.

We afterwards went over to Sachsenhausen, which was, if possible, still worse. The water had penetrated the passages and sewers, and from these leaped and rushed up into the streets, as out of a fountain. The houses next to the Main, which were first filled, poured torrents out of the doors and windows into the street below, and the first stories were so full that it was with difficulty they could get in through the doors. These people were nearly all poor, who could ill afford the loss of time and damage of property it occasioned them. The stream was filled with wood and boards, and I saw even a whole roof, with the tiles on, go down. The bridge was crowded with people, and one saw everywhere mournful countenances, and heard lamentations over the catastrophe. After sunset, a great cloud, filling half the sky, hung above, and the reflection of its glowing crimson tint, joined to the brown hue of the water, made it seem like a river of fire.

What a difference a little sunshine makes! I could have forgotten the season the next day, but for the bare trees and swelling Main, as I threaded my way through the hundreds of people who thronged its banks. It was that soft warmth that comes with the first spring days, relaxing the body, and casting a dreamy hue over the mind. I leaned over the bridge in the full enjoyment of it, and listening to the roaring of the water under the arches, forgot every thing else for awhile. It was amusing to walk up and down the pier and look at the countenances passing by, while the phantasy was ever ready, weaving a tale for all. My favorite Tyrolese were there, and I saw a Greek leaning over the stone balustrade, wearing the red cap and white frock, and with the long dark hair, and fiery eye of the Orient, I could not but wonder, as he looked at the dim hills of the Odenwald, along the Eastern horizon, if they called up in his mind the purple isles of his native Archipelago.

It is remarkable how plainly the general character of a nation is stamped on the countenances of its people. One who notices the faces he meets in the streets, can soon distinguish, by the glances he gives in going by, the Englishman or the Frenchman from the German, and the Christian from the Jew. Not less striking is the difference of expression between the Germans themselves; and in places where all classes of people are drawn together, it is interesting to observe how very accurately these distinctions are drawn. The boys have nearly all handsome, intelligent faces, and like all boys, they are full of life and spirit, for they know nothing of the laws by which their country is chained down, and if they did, they would not care for them. But with the exception of the students, who *talk*, at least, of liberty and right, the young men lose this spirit and at last settle down into the calm, cautious, *lethargic* citizen. One distinguishes an Englishman, and I should think an American, also, in this respect, very easily; the former, moreover, also, by a certain cold stateliness and reserve. There is something, however, about a Jew, whether English or German, which marks him from all others. However different their faces, there is a family character which runs through the whole of them. It lays principally in their high cheek-bones, prominent nose and thin, compressed lips; which, especially in elderly men, gives a peculiar expression that is unmistakeable.

I regret to say it, but one looks almost in vain, in Germany, for a handsome female countenance. Here and there, perhaps, is a woman with regular features, but the lofty intellectual expression, which gives such a charm to the most common face, is wanting. I have seen more beautiful women in one night, in a public assembly, in Philadelphia, than during the seven months I have been on the Continent. Some of the young Jewesses, in Frankfort, are considered handsome, but their features very soon become too strongly marked. In a public walk the number of positively ugly faces is really astonishing.

On Sunday, the 30th, I went into the Cathedral to see the Catholic children confirmed. About a hundred boys and girls, came in procession, each with a companion, bearing a long wax taper. The girls were drest in white, with flowers in their hair, and the chancel was beautifully decorated with green boughs and flowers. I was little interested in the ceremony, but stayed a long time to listen to the grand music; the effect of the solemn chorals performed by the great organ, together with a full orchestra and choir of several hundred voices, was truly magnificent. It rolled like thunder through the lofty arches, until

> "The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave;
> Then pausing for a moment, it stood still
> And sank and rose again, to burst in spray
> That wandered into silence far away."

About ten o'clock that night, I heard a noise of persons running in the street, and going to the Römerberg, found that the water had risen, all at once, much higher, and was still rapidly increasing. People were there setting up torches, and lengthening the rafts, which had been already formed. Many of the booths were standing in deep water, and the houses nearest the pier were immersed above the basement, and nearly to the top of the first story. The lower part of the city is now a real Venice—the streets are full of boats, and people can even row about in their own houses; though it is not quite so bad as the flood in Georgia, where they went *up stairs to bed* in boats! I went to the bridge. Persons were calling around—"The water! the water! it rises continually!" The river rushed through the arches, foaming and dashing with a noise like thunder, and the red light of the torches along the shore cast a flickering glare on the troubled waves. It was then twenty-one feet above its usual level. Men were busy all around, carrying boats and ladders to the places most threatened, and others were emptying cellars into which it was penetrating. The sudden swelling was occasioned by the coming down of the floods from above.

When I went out the next morning, the streets were crowded with people running to and fro, and men were busy everywhere making bridges, for a great many streets were full, that had escaped it before. The river presented a most singular scene; the high arches of the bridge were nearly full, and it rushed through with a constant roar. The houses on the high pier were nearly to the second story windows in water. Part of the upper pier cracked and threatened to fall in, and one of the projecting piers of the bridge had sunk away from the main body three or four inches. In Sachsenhausen the desolation occasioned by it is absolutely frightful; several houses have fallen into total ruin. All business was stopped for the day; the exchange was even shut up. The streets were constantly crowded, and the city wore such an air of activity that I hardly knew it. The water came up everywhere through the sewers and drains, and as the city depends almost entirely on pumps for its supply of water, these were filled with it, and we have been drinking the muddy current of the Main ever since. It was sad to see rows of booths in the Rœmberg Square, with their signs hanging out, shut up, and entirely surrounded. The fair was stopped. [illegible] damage to goods is very great, and the loss in this respect alone, must be several [illegible] florins. It began to fall on the first of April, and has now sunk about ten feet, so that most of the houses are again released, though in a bad condition.

Yesterday afternoon, as I was sitting in my room, writing, we heard all at once an explosion like a cannon in the street, followed by loud and continued screams. I looked out the window, and saw the people rushing by with goods in their arms, some wringing their hands and crying, while others were running in all directions. Imagining that it was nothing less than the tumbling down of one of the old houses, we ran down and saw a store a few doors distant all in flames. The windows were bursting and flying out, and the mingled mass of smoke and red flame reached half way across the street. We learned afterwards it was occasioned by the explosion of a jar of naptha, which instantly enveloped the whole room in fire, the people no more than escaping in time. I shall never forget the scene. The persons who had booths near were standing still in despair, while the flames were beginning to touch their property. A few butchers who first came up, did almost everything. One fire engine arrived soon, but it was ten minutes before it began to play, and by that time the flames were coming out of the upper stories. Then the supply of water soon failed, and though another engine came up shortly after, it was sometime before it could be put in order, so that by the time they got fairly to work, the fire had made its way nearly through the whole house. The water was first brought in barrels drawn by horses, till some officer came and opened the fire plug. The police were busy at work seizing those who came by and setting them to work; and as the alarm had drawn a great many together, they at last began to effect something. All the military are obliged to be out, and the officers appeared eager to use their authority while they could, for every one was ordering and commanding, till all was a scene of perfect confusion and uproar. I could not help laughing heartily, so ludicrous did it appear. There were the little, miserable engines, not much bigger than a hand-cart, and looking as if they had not been used for half a century, the horses running backwards and forwards, dragging barrels which were emptied into tubs, after which the water was finally dipped up in buckets and emptied into the engines! These machines can only play into the second or third story, after which the hose was taken up into the houses on the opposite side of the street and made to play across. After four hours the fire was overcome, the house being thoroughly burnt out; it happened to have double fire walls, which prevented the others from catching so easily.

J. B. T.

Casualties.

☞ On Thursday week, says the Pittsburg Chronicle, as Mr. James Albertson, accompanied by his wife and three children, one an infant, were crossing the Monongahela river to Birmingham, in a one horse vehicle, which had been placed on the ferry boat, the horse became frightened, and backed the hind wheels off the boat. Mrs. Albertson and infant had barely got out of the wagon, before the horse became disengaged from the gearing, precipitating the wagon and children (one 3 and the other 5 years old) into the river. A man named Hunter immediately jumped in after them, but did not succeed in recovering either of them.

☞ On Thursday week, while the first train was passing over the new road from Spayd and Luther's mines at Pottsville, Dr. Luther, who was standing on one side of the cars, was thrown violently off. His head was severely cut and bruised by the fall, and for a time concussion of the brain was apprehended, but that danger has passed away. On the day previous Henry Nimbleton, a miner, working in Mr. Ronaldson's mine at Pottsville, was killed by a fall of coal in one of the breasts in which he was working.

☞ A gentleman named Brammell, residing near Louisburg, Ky., was killed by lightning a few days since, while taking shelter from a storm under a tree. The electric fluid penetrated his hat, on the back part of his head, leaving a hole about the size of an ordinary bullet, thence down the spine, and out through his shoes into the ground, cutting holes in the shoes of the appearance of shot holes. His clothes were literally torn off him.

☞ John Wilbor, Jr., of South Kingston, R. I., was instantly killed at his lumber yard at Fall River, on Monday week, while standing between two piles of boards, a few feet apart, one of which suddenly fell over and crushed him to death. He was about twenty-five years of age, and has left a wife and family.

☞ During a severe storm in Chenango County, on the 12th ultimo, Elder Hart, of Smithville, a clergyman of the Baptist persuasion, was struck by the lightning and killed instantly. He was returning home, and had arrived within a short distance of it.

☞ An awful accident at Rockport, Mass., on Thursday week. While blasting rocks, a premature explosion took place, which caused the instant death of Mr. Thomas Peach, his head being blown clear from his body. Two other persons were injured.

☞ On Monday week several persons, who were riding in a wagon near Port Carbon, were thrown out upon the ground with violence, in consequence of the running away of the horse. One of them, Thomas Walton, was so injured that he has since died.

☞ A little child at Manchester, N. H., a few days since got hold of a bunch of lucifer matches, in the absence of its mother from the room, and while playing with them they ignited, and so badly burned her that she died the next morning.

☞ The Troy Budget states that a small boy, son of Mr. Archibald of that city, went to his father's brick yard, and while looking into the mill, he lost his balance, and fell in, and in a moment his head was severed from his body.

☞ Mr. Levi Totten, of Harlington, Somersett county, New Jersey, was killed on Wednesday week, in attempting to drive a load of hay into the barn, by being squeezed beneath the beam. Aged 32.

Local Intelligence.

MAGI CARDS.

T. B. Peterson has, among his other curious articles, the infallible method of detecting a young ladies age, or discovering her name,—the Magi Cards. They furnish a very pleasant and pretty amusement for the little fry.

A Lift.—The Sheriff of Mongomery county, while standing in a crowd on Thursday week, looking at the procession in honor of General Jackson, had his pocket picked of a pair of elegant iron "ruffles," otherwise handcuffs. As the key was not with them, we are requested to state that the light fingered gentleman can obtain it by applying at the Sheriff's office in Norristown, Pa.

☞ The following are the officers of the Methodist Episcopal Home Missionary and Tract Society, for the ensuing year:

President—Rev. William G. E. Agnew. Vice President—Joseph B. Strafford, M. D. Corresponding Secretary—William Carlisle, Jr. Recording Secretary—H. B. Swift. Treasurer—T. K. Peterson. Book Agent—Joseph T. Whitecar.

Advent Church.—The pews of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Advent, Old York Road, will be sold and leased on Monday afternoon next, between the hours of two and six, P. M.

☞ The Receipts of the Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, in this city, from May 8th to June 12th, amounted to $1,113.

General News.

☞ The quantity of ice shipped from Boston for the East Indies last year, is said to have been 55,000 tons, delivered on board at an average cost of $2,55 per ton, while the product at Cal[illegible] is put down at $3,575,000. Mr. Wyeth, [illegible] has erected a noble building for the storage of [illegible] it has a triple wall, 40 feet high, 178 feet wide, and 198 feet long, enclosing more than three quarters of an acre, and capable of holding 39,000 tons of ice. The Hong Kong papers [illegible]ly demanding the establishment of an ice house at that place. A large supply has been ordered from Boston. Ice is said to be in general use at Shanghi.

Churches in Pottsville.—The Methodist denomination contemplate erecting a new church in the borough, which it is expected will be a handsome and substantial building. The congregation of Trinity (Episcopal) Church also have it in view to erect a new building on their lot in Centre street. The Catholic Church on Mahontagano street, has been rebuilt, and costly ornamented within and without—it is the largest place of worship in Pottsville.

☞ The Washington Union says that several ingenious mechanics from New York are preparing to place on the Potomac a steamboat which is to embrace all the modern improvements, unsurpassed for beauty of construction and speed, to ply between Washington and Alexandria. She is expected to make the trip in twenty-three minutes, and economize about 75 per cent. of fuel.

Long Island Sound.—During a period of ten days, from June 2d to the 11th, inclusive, there passed Eaton's Neck, 1,157 vessels. The ten days noticed will give a pretty fair estimate for nine months in the year, during which time it is estimated 27,340 vessels pass through the sound. The number of passengers, including the steamers, in these vessels is estimated at 273,400.

☞ The Louisiana College at Jackson was sold on the 5th inst., for ten thousand dollars—the minimum price fixed by the Legislature. It was purchased by the Methodists, who intend, as we learn from the Feliciana Whig, to remove the Centenary College, now established in Mississippi, to Jackson.

☞ The St. Louis New Era of the 18th inst. says: The steamer Caspian reached this port last evening from New Orleans, with 515 passengers, 390 of whom were German, English, Welch and Irish emigrants. On the passage up, there were three births and three deaths on board.

☞ A girl was recently tried in New Haven for escaping from prison, but it was argued that her imprisonment was illegal, the sentence not being in accordance with the law, and the jury acquitted her. She should try the court now for false imprisonment.

☞ The City Councils of Washington, D. C., have prohibited the Railroad Company from running locomotives within the city limits, in consequence of the refusal of the company to reduce its rate of fare agreeably to an act of the last legislature of Maryland.

☞ The total number of committals in Ireland, for all offences, during the year 1844, was 14,448, a decrease of 678 compared with 1843. Of these 5,482 were for offences against the person, accompanied with violence, and of these 129 were for murder.

☞ At a convention of the clergy and laity of the Baptist denomination in Shelbyville, Ky., the Southern organization of Baptists for missionary purposes, was fully sustained, and the convention withdrew their co-operation from the Northern organization.

☞ G. A. Bayard, Esq., of Pittsburg, Pa., has sold 110 acres of beautifully situated ground, about two miles from the city, for a cemetery, and a proper person has been employed to lay out the ground for that purpose. The price paid is $50,000.

☞ The population of Russia, according to the last census, is 62,500,000, of whom, 2,000,000 are Mahometans, and 182,000 Jews.

ACQUITTED.

A Postcript in the Trenton Sheet Anchor, states that the jury in the case of Abner Parke, indicted for the murder of the Castner family, returned a verdict at 10 o'clock on Saturday night last, of *Not Guilty*.

☞ In an account of the General Association of Connecticut, the Puritan states that the Rev. Samuel Nott, of Franklin, was in attendance upon the meeting of the Association; that he was present at the prayer meeting at five o'clock on Wednesday morning week, and among the first that appeared in the house, "that Dr. Nott is *ninety-one* years of age, has been settled in Franklin *sixty-three* years next March; and still performs his duties without the aid of a colleague, and with more than the vigor, directness, and completeness of many a young man. This case, especially in the time which the ministry of Dr. Nott has covered without a colleague, seeks with difficulty a parallel in ecclesiastical history, in any age of he Church."

☞ McCurry, the murderer, was hung in Baltimore on Friday, within the walls of the prison in which he was confined. He struggled but little, and examination proved that the fall had broken his neck, and consequently killed him immediately.

☞ A cotton factory has been established near Wheeling, by Mr. G. T. Tingle, which turns out 350 pounds of yarn each day. The establishment has just been filled with new and superior machinery.

☞ Capt. Jason L. Pendleton, who was convicted at Baltimore, of a violation of the laws against the slave trade, has been fined the sum of $1,000 and condemned to undergo an imprisonment of one year.

☞ An editor somewhere in the west has become so hollow from depending on the printing business alone for bread, that he proposes to sell himself to some gentleman to be used as a stove-pipe.

☞ Some specimens of Texas sugar have been manufactured by Mr. Mercer, a planter on the Colorado. With four hands he has this year raised 50,000 lbs. Most of it sold at eight cents a pound.

☞ Western Virginia refuses to join the church organization established by the Methodist Episcopal Convention at Louisville.

☞ At Preston, Eng., a coroner's jury returned the following sapient verdict: "Found hanging in a state of insanity."

☞ The Troy, N. Y., Whig says that not far from three millions of dollars are invested in manufactures in that city.

☞ The English tax upon bricks produces £250,000 per annum—on paper, £660,000, and on soap, £850,000.

☞ There are 1,200,000 female servants in England, of whom 110,000 are in London and its suburbs.

☞ A movement is on foot to remove the Western Reserve College, from Hudson to Cleveland.

☞ Full grown ripe peaches and pears were for sale in the markets of Mobile, Ala., on the 16th inst.

☞ The foundation of a new Baptist church will soon be laid in Buffalo, N. Y.

ENGLISH DESTITUTION.

In D'Israeli's new book, "Sybil, or the Two Nations," there are some frightful pictures of want and destitution, the relation of which we could not credit, if we did not find them established by authoritative statements. We subjoin an extract from "Sybil."

"The situation of the rural town of Marney was one of the most delightful easily to be imagined. In a spreading dale, contiguous to the margin of a clear and lively stream, surrounded by meadows and gardens, and backed by lofty hills, undulating and richly wooded, the traveller, on the opposite heights of the dale, would often stop to admire the merry prospect, that recalled to him the traditional epithet of his country.

"Beautiful illusion! For behind that laughing landscape, penury and disease fed upon the vitals of a miserable population!

"The contrast between the interior of the town and its external aspect was as striking as it was full of pain. With the exception of the dull high street, which had the usual characteristics of a small agricultural market-town, some sombre mansions, a dingy inn, and a petty bourse, Marney mainly consisted of a variety of narrow and crowded lanes, formed by cottages built of rubble, or unhewn stones, without cement, and from age or badness of the material, looked as if they could scarcely hold together. The gaping chinks admitted every blast; the leaning chimneys had lost [illegible] stances the thatch, yawning in some parts to admit the wind and wet, and in all utterly unfit for its original purpose of giving protection from the weather, looked more like the top of a dunghill than a cottage. Before the doors of these dwellings, and often surrounding them, ran open drains full of animal and vegetable refuse, decomposing into disease, or sometimes in their imperfect course filling foul pits, or spreading into stagnant pools, while a concentrated solution of every species of dissolving filth was allowed to soak through, and thoroughly impregnate the walls and ground adjoining.

"These wretched tenements seldom consisted of more than two rooms, in one of which the whole family, however numerous, were obliged to sleep, without distinction of age, or sex, or suffering. With the water streaming down the walls, the light distinguished through the roof, with no hearth even in winter, the virtuous mother in the sacred pangs of childbirth, gives forth another victim to our thoughtless civilization; surrounded by three generations, whose inevitable presence is more painful than her sufferings in that hour of travail; while the father of her coming child, in another corner of the sordid chamber, lies stricken by that typhus which his contaminating dwelling has breathed into his veins, and for whose next prey is perhaps destined his new-born child. These swarming walls had neither windows nor doors sufficient to keep out the weather, or admit the sun, or supply the means of ventilation; the humid and putrid roof of thatch, exhaling malaria like all other decaying vegetable matter. The dwelling rooms were neither boarded nor paved; and whether it were that some were situated in low and damp places, occasionally flooded by the river, and usually much below the level of the road, or that the springs, as was often the case, would burst through the mud floor, the ground was at no time better than so much clay, while sometimes you might see little channels cut from the centre under the doorways to carry off the water, the door itself removed from its hinges; a resting-place for infancy in its deluged home. These hovels were in many instances, not provided with the commonest convenience of the rudest police; contiguous to every door might be observed the dung-heap, on which every kind of filth was accumulated, for the purpose of being disposed of for manure; so that, when the poor man opened his narrow habitation in the hope of refreshing it with the breeze of summer, he was met with a mixture of gases from reeking dung-hills.

"This town of Marney was a metropolis of agricultural labor: for the proprietors of the neighborhood having for the last half century acted on the system of destroying the cottages on their estates, in order to become exempted from the maintenance of the population, the expelled people had flocked to Marney, where, during the war, a manufactory had afforded them some relief, though its wheels had long ceased to disturb the waters of the Mar.

"Deprived of this resource, they had again gradually spread themselves over that land which had, as it were, rejected them; and obtained from its churlish breast, a niggardly subsistence. Their re-entrance into the surrounding parishes was viewed with great suspicion; their renewed settlement opposed by every ingenious contrivance; those who availed themselves of their labor were careful that they should not become dwellers on the soil; and though from the excessive competition, there were districts in the kingdom where the rate of wages was more depressed; those who were fortunate enough to obtain the scant remuneration had, in addition to their toil, to endure each morn and even a weary journey before they could reach the scene of their labor, or return to the squalid hovel which profaned the name of home. To that home, over which malaria hovered, and round whose shivering hearth were clustered other guests besides the exhausted family of toil. Fever in every form, pale Consumption, exhausting Synochus, and trembling Ague—returned; after cultivating the broad fields of merry England, the bold British peasant returned to encounter the worst of diseases with a frame the least qualified to oppose them; a frame that, subdued by toil, was never sustained by animal food; drenched by the tempest, could not change its dripping rags; and was indebted for its scanty fuel to the windfalls of the woods."

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☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

INKLINGS OF ADVENTURE. *By N. P. Willis. New York: Burgess & Stringer. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* This is another collection of the sketches of Mr. Willis, embracing principally his earlier writings, such as the Slingsby Papers, and having the freshness of a new hand. It is a volume of pleasant reading.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD. *By John Frost, L.L. D. Philadelphia: Butler & Williams.* No. V of this truly beautiful work has been laid upon our table, and fully supports the character and promise of the specimen number. Mr. Frost, and all concerned, deserve great credit for the manner in which this publication is got up.

THE SEERESS OF PREVORST, is a most curious work, translated from the German. It will fill the believers in Animal Magnetism with awe-struck delight, and cause heretics to shrug their shoulders. It is for sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston,* and *T. B. Peterson.*

THE KNICKERBOCKER. *Zieber & Co.* and *T. B. Peterson* have received the July number of the Knickerbocker, which, as usual, amply repays the reader for following it through. It is one of the best magazines in the world.

DOMESTIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. *Harper & Brothers,* have published the 6th number of this excellent publication—a treasure to new married couples. It may be had of *Lindsay & Blakiston,* and *Zieber & Co.*

THE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE of the Messrs. Harpers has reached its thirty-first number. It has been received by *T. B. Peterson,* by *Lindsay & Blakiston,* and by *Zieber & Co.*

PENNY MAGAZINE. No. 5 of the re-publication of this work has been received by *T. B. Peterson,* and by *Zieber & Co.* It is A No. 1 of this class of periodicals.

ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE. Nos. 57 and 58 of the Harpers' Illustrated Shakspeare, have been received by *T. B. Peterson,* and *Lindsay & Blakiston.*

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Queen and Theatricals—Queen's Birth Day—A Veteran Teacher—William Laidlaw—English Pictures—Bank of England—Manufactures—French Post Office Robbery—Russian Tragedian.

Bristol, England, June 3, 1845.

Her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of England, and her Royal Consort, Prince Albert, visited the Haymarket Theatre, a few evenings since, for the purpose of enjoying the acting of Mr. Hackett, the celebrated American Comedian. The house was crowded with fashionables on the occasion, and the Royal party were highly delighted—both the Queen and Prince frequently applauding Hackett with downright good-will; while they laughed heartily at his inimitable *Monsieur Mallet.* Miss Cushman is at the Princess's Theatre, and Forrest has picked up a pretty good "rent" for the few weeks he played in Dublin. The Queen's Birth-Day was celebrated by illuminations and public feasts in most of the towns in the kingdom. In short, Victoria is an universal favorite. Among other displays on the occasion, were some magnificent Horticultural Shows—where the beautiful flowers of Spring were woven into crowns, the Royal arms, mottoes, &c. The attendance at these floral displays has, on all occasions, been full-dress and fashionable. But the goddess Flora bore off the belle, for beauty, variety, brilliancy and attraction.

> "Yet not the splendid purple robe
> Which eastern monarchs wear,
> Can emulate thy beauteous gloss
> Or with thy tints compare."

Some idea will be formed of the generally declining fortunes of the drama in England, from the fact that, at the present time, there is not a single theatre open in the counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Hertford, Bedford, Cambridge, Northampton, Norwich, Kent, Gloucester, Hereford, Wilts, Dorset, Salop or Sussex.

Mr. James Kell, of Gateshead, died a few days since, at a very advanced age. He taught in a Sabbath Class more than sixty years ago, and may, therefore, be said to have preceded Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, in the pious work of originating Sunday Schools.

William Laidlaw, of Inverness, author of "Lucy's Flittin," and other celebrated ballads, and the most intimate friend of the late Sir Walter Scott—has been gathered to his fathers at a good old age. Laidlaw rambled with Scott on the banks of the Tweed, conversing in familiar and unrestrained confidence,—shared in the superintendance of all his plans and improvements—wrote to his dictation some of the imperishable scenes in his works and at last—

> "When discord on the music fell,
> And darkness on the glory"—

was one of the few who watched over the latest manifestations and the final eclipse of that greatest of contemporary minds. Among the deaths too, may be noticed that of Mr. Finn, of Nottingham—a hero who entered the navy in 1790, shared in the victories of Lord Duncan, Sir John Jervis, and Lord Howe,—was on board one of the ships in the mutiny at the Nore, and stood out against the mutineers at the hazard of his life—which was preserved to share in the glories of Nelson. The House of Lords has passed the divorce bill between Captain and Mrs. Heavyside—and she is now free to become Mrs. Dr. Dionysius Lardner. Captain Heavyside, it is said, is about to marry again.

There is quite a mania among the rich for purchasing paintings by the best English masters. A grand sale of the collection of the late George Kent, at Bolton Lodge, called together the connoisseurs from all parts of the kingdom. An English landscape, by Sir A. Callcott, brought 956 guineas—a picture by Stanfield, 680 guineas—one by Leslie, 380 guineas—one by Collins, 360 guineas—Roberts, 380 guineas. The product of the sale was enormous.

The people of the Parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, London, have found an entry on their burial books, by which it appears that on the 24th of January, 1588, Thomas Carr, of Holywell street, London, was interred on that day, having attained the amazing age of *two hundred and seven years!* "*Credat Judæus Apella—non ego!*" Dowager Lady De Clifford; the Cardinal Patriarch, of Lisbon; Lady Emily Stratton; M. Merithou, Peer of France; Madame Stephen Elme, (*La Contemporaine,*) and Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, M. D.; are among the recent fashionable deaths.

The Bank of England still holds the enormous sum of nearly £16,000,000 in specie in its vaults—which now form a kind of Peruvian gold mine in the midst of London. The manufacturers of coarse cotton goods, begin to wish that you Americans would keep yours at home. They are imported into England and much liked. A society called the Odd Fellows, is becoming very popular here. There are nearly 300,000 members in England and Scotland, and they distribute among their poor and sick, about £290,000 annually. Only think of a Concert with 300 musicians! Such an one has just been given by Monsieur Julien, in London, with great success. The Lords of the Admiralty have ordered several new iron steam vessels of war, of only 200 tons burthen each—to cruise against the slave trade and up the rivers on the coast of Africa.

The French Post Office has been robbed of letters containing money to the tune of 110,000 francs. A young man named Vanliezon has been apprehended and accused of these thefts—inducements in the case, gambling and the grisettes of Paris. His favorite grisette, Mademoiselle Divay, has been apprehended as his accomplice. The Queen intends to visit Germany this summer certainly—but the Royal visits to Ireland and Paris, are doubtful. Theatricals at Paris are said to be on the decline. The opera and all the great theatres in that gay city have lost money during the past year. A great tragedian named Karatigine, has appeared in Russia, and intends shortly to make his *debut* in Paris. He is described as wonderful—a Russian Kemble—a Russian Talma, &c. Sheridan Knowles is gone on a visit to Lisbon. There is a talk of running tunnels under London, for railway trains. What next? Sir John Franklin, with the ships Erebus and Terror, left the Thames on Monday week, on an Arctic voyage of discovery—and a ship has left Aberdeen, Scotland, for Davis's straits, where it is reported that a very rich black lead mine has been discovered. If so, two or three voyages will make the fortunes of her fortunate owners.

New York City.

☞ The Postmaster of New York has issued a Circular to the several Daily Journals of that city, inviting them to submit a sworn statement of the regular circulation of their papers respectively on the 21st inst. and for one month preceding, with a view to the advertising of the Lists of Letters under the People's Postage Reform Bill of last winter, which prescribes that such Advertising shall appear in the journal or journals of largest circulation, without regard to their Politics or the favor of any functionary. We hail this notice with pleasure, and trust its requirements will be faithfully complied with.

☞ The cap-stone was placed upon the spire of the new Trinity Church, in Broadway, New York, on Friday afternoon week. A copper gilded cross will be erected in a few days, and then the spire will be finished. The cross is to be six feet in height. After the cap-stone was put in its place, one of the workmen stepped upon it, and astonished the multitude below by standing for some moments at that giddy height.

☞ The Mayor of New York, to whom the matter was left, decided that booths, for the vending of rum and madness, should not be erected about the Park on the Fourth. This is a decision made from principles of duty, and without weighing popularity against right.

☞ The estimate of the Board of Education, for New York County, of the sum to be raised this year, for school purposes, is $179,907,23, which is less by $40,000 than the amount raised last year.

☞ There is a machine now in operation in the city of New York which makes from 200 to 300 cedar painted pails per day. A good workman can make by hand some 9 or 10 pails per day.

☞ Five hundred and sixty-seven steerage passengers arrived on Friday morning week, at New York, from Liverpool and Havre. The number for last week reached near 4,000.

☞ The New York Tribune says—The Sea Horse having departed, a fellow in Broadway advertises a Tame Oyster for exhibition.

☞ The Rotunda in the New York Park is undergoing extensive alterations, for the reception room of the Gallery of F[illegible]

☞ Very near [illegible] 000 packages of domestic goods were exported from New York from the 1st to the 23d ult.

Fires.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A correspondent of the Essex county Republican writes that a very destructive fire occurred a few days since in the town of West Moriah, in N. Y., near Lake Champlain. It commenced in a bit of tuft on the farm of Col. Barnes, and while the men were at dinner, spread through the grass into the woods, and swept over an immense tract with great rapidity. On the road from East to West Moriah, it burned down two double saw mills, a dwelling house, a barn, seventeen thousand pieces of lumber, and three thousand logs, belonging to Messrs. Barnes & Travis, whose loss is about $10,000; and in a few hours after had travelled eight miles, and swept away the saw mill, dwelling and barn, with six thousand pieces of lumber, and two hundred logs, of Hon. N. S. Storrs, whose loss is $2,000. Thence it extended to the two mills, dwelling and barn of John Ensign, whose loss is $2,000, and swept away five other mills in West Moriah and Scroon, of which the value is not ascertained. The entire loss is estimated at over $300,000.

☞ A fire was discovered on Friday morning between 7 and 8 o'clock, in the third story of the old brick calendar building on Sabine street, belonging to the Providence Dyeing, Bleaching and Calendering Company, and used for packing goods. The upper story and roof were entirely destroyed. The goods in the loft were burnt—those in the lower part of the building were much damaged. The loss is estimated at about $10,000, which was covered by insurance at the American Insurance Office, the Hartford Insurance Company, and the Georgia Insurance and Trust Company.

☞ At New Brunswick, N. J., on the 24th June, a fire broke out in Brigg's store-house, on the dock, in the rear of his store, and we have to record another which occurred last evening, 26th inst., in Hatfield's store-house, adjoining Brigg's store, which was destroyed, together with a lumber yard, stable and horses, supposed to be the work of an incendiary. A quantity of powder being in Hatfield's store-house at the time, prevented the immediate action of the firemen until after it exploded.

☞ The Plane Factory and Plaster Mill belonging to Casper F. Hoag, in Schenectady, N. Y., was burned to the ground on Wednesday afternoon last, together with a large quantity of lumber. Loss estimated at some $7,000. Mr. H. was not insured. The fire caught accidentally in some shavings. All the notes and many other papers of value belonging to Mr. H. were consumed. This is a severe loss, being all of his accumulation for a number of years.

☞ The house of John Conger, in Waterloo, Albany county, N. Y., was consumed by fire on the 10th. The fire was supposed to have taken in the kitchen from a stove, and burnt so fast that it was impossible to save any of the furniture, or even the clothing of the family. His family had to go to the neighbors to find clothing to dress themselves. It was with much difficulty that his sheds and barns were saved. Loss about $17,000. Insured $13,000.

☞ We learn from the Berlin Star, that the dwelling house of Mr. Aaron Middleswarth, of Beaver township, was entirely consumed by fire, on Sunday morning week. The fire originated, we understand, through the carelessness of one of the inmates, who had got up before day, and made a fire and afterwards went to bed again. Nothing of their furniture was saved. The inmates barely escaped with their lives.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—About 11 o'clock on Friday night, the extensive machine factory of Messrs. Wells & Miller on West Falls Avenue, Baltimore, was consumed by fire. The lumber yard adjoining was also severely damaged.

☞ The starch factory of Mr. D. R. Nash, at Roxbury, Mass., was consumed by fire on Thursday night. The fire originated in the west end of the building, and finally extended to a block of wooden dwellings, one of which, tenanted by Mr. James Card, was, with its furniture, destroyed. There is an insurance on the stock and factory building of $2,000.

☞ At Rochester, on Saturday, the store, dwelling house and stables of Edward Duffy, corner of State and Smith streets, opposite the Frankfort House, were destroyed by fire. The front part of the building was occupied by J. Dorcas, as a grocery and provision store, and contained about $1,500 worth of goods, which were nearly all destroyed.

☞ The large joiner's and carpenter's establishment of Mr. James Davis, in Dover, N. H., was destroyed by fire on Wednesday of last week, together with a ten horse power steam engine, and nearly all the machinery, etc. Loss about $3,000—insured for $1,300.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ It will be recollected, that some months since, a young lady, Miss Oake, having entered an out-house of her father's residence, was observed by three young men, who were walking at a short distance. One of them, named Brown, raised the rifle he carried, and fired at the door, as he said, for the purpose of frightening her. The shot killed the young lady, and the fellow was tried at Watertown, New York, a day or two since, and convicted of manslaughter in the third degree. He has been sentenced to imprisonment for four years, being the longest period with which the offence is punishable.

☞ A writer in the New York Express gives the following as an infallible recipe for the destruction of those pestiferous vermin—bed bugs:—Take a quantity of whale oil, and about the same quantity of lard or tallow, simmer them a few minutes together, so as they will mix. Apply the mixtures with a feather or fine brush, to the crevices and joints of the bedsteads, and these vermin will not only desert the bed, but leave the room. We should think every body with a nose would be apt to follow.

☞ In England, upwards of £300,000 are annually distributed by the Odd Fellows, whose funds amount to the gross sum of $3,500,000. This immense amount, says the correspondent of the Boston Atlas, has been got together by weekly contributions of two-pence and three-pence from each member; the number of Odd Fellows in England, is stated to be two hundred and sixty thousand.

☞ The army worm, a few days since, made war upon a six acre field of wheat, at Flatbush, N. Y., and stripped it of every green leaf; but fortunately the kernel of the grain was too near maturity to be injured. Trenches were dug when the worms began to migrate, and by this means they were entirely destroyed.

☞ The editors of the Charleston Mercury have lately received a green rose, plucked from a plant grown in Columbia, S. C. The plant has borne flowers several times this season, and it invariably produced double roses of a uniform deep green color like that of the leaf.

☞ Some boys were indicted in Rush county, Ind., not long since, for disturbing an Abolition meeting, where a man named Hoff was to make a speech. The jury acquitted them on the ground that an Abolition meeting was not a lawful assemblage, for a lawful purpose.

☞ The Petersburg Gazette says there has been a large increase of buckwheat sown in Western Pennsylvania and in the Western Reserve of Ohio; and that the probability is that the crop will much exceed that of any other year.

☞ Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of Mexican money has been sent to the Mint and Branch Mint, to be converted into dimes and half [illegible], we presume.

☞ The amount of coal transported over the railroad from the Schuylkill region, this season, is 282,599,013 tons; by canal 80,393,004 tons; total, 362,992,017 tons. From Mauch Chunk region, 138,523 tons.

☞ Bills of the denomination of $50 on the Chemical Bank, New York, altered from ones, are in circulation in New York. They are so well executed as to deceive some of the brokers.

☞ The drought in Florida, which continued at the last accounts, up to the 13th instant, is said to be more severe and distressing than has been experienced in that climate for many years.

☞ According to Capt. Laws, Manager of the Leeds and Manchester Railway, England, thirteen tons of cucumbers are occasionally sent from Northampton to Manchester in one day.

☞ It is computed there are about twenty thousand members of the Order of the Sons of Temperance in the United States, comprised in nearly two hundred subordinate divisions.

☞ Several beautiful omnibusses have been started at Lancaster, Pa. In a little time there will be one or more omnibusses in every large town in the United States.

☞ The Cloister at Litchtenthal near Baden Baden, has existed seven centuries. The seven hundredth anniversary of its foundation was solemnized on the 7th ult.

☞ A century ago there were only ninety-five Dissenting chapels in Wales; in 1810 they had increased to 954; and in 1832 to no fewer that 1,428.

Personal News.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—George H. Walker, Register of the land office at Milwaukie, Wisconsin, *vice* Paraclete Potter, whose commission will expire on the 1st July, 1845.

Nathan Bardin, Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue at Bristol, Rhode Island, vice Elkanah French, whose commission will expire July 8th, 1845.

Licius Lyon, Surveyor General of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, from 30th June, 1845, vice William Johnson, resigned.

Henry Hicks, Collector of the Customs for the District of Delaware, vice Arnold Naudain, whose commission will expire on the 1st July, 1845.

Robert H. Merchant, Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue at Dumfries, Virginia, vice Geo. H. Cockrell, whose commission will expire July 8th, 1845.

John B. Guthrie, Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, vice William B. Mowry, removed.

William N. Friend, Postmaster at Petersburg, Virginia, in the place of John Minge, removed.

Joseph M. Doty, Postmaster at Ogdensburg, N. York, from the 10th July next, when the commission of the present incumbent will expire.

Whitacre O'Neal, Postmaster at Steubenville, Ohio, from the 29th June, when the commission of the present incumbent expired.

Benjamin F. Rawls, Postmaster at Columbia, South Carolina, from the 29th June, when the commission of the present incumbent, A. H. Gladden, expired.

William G. Smith, Postmaster at Macon, Georgia, on the 1st instant, in the place of Kneeland Tyner, whose commission expired on the 29th ult.

George Crawford, Postmaster of Cincinnati, Ohio, on on the 1st inst., in the place of Wm. H. H. Taylor, whose commission expired on the 29th ult.

J. B. B. Hale, Postmaster at Wheeling, Virginia, on the 1st inst., in the place of David Agnew, whose commission expired on the 29th ult.

Charles McKibbin, Postmaster at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on the 16th of July next, in the place of R. M. Riddle, whose commission will expire on the 15th.

Jacob Medary, as deputy Postmaster at Columbus, Ohio, from the 29th June, in the place of John G. Miller, whose commission on that day expired.

Henry F. Baker, as deputy Postmaster, at Winchester, Virginia, from the 28th June, in the place of John Wall, whose commission on that day expired.

Michael Edwards, Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue at Wheeling, Virginia, vice Saml. Atkinson, whose commission will expire July 22d, 1845.

☞ Commencement at Princeton was held on Wednesday week. Fifty-two degrees of B. A. were conferred; D. D. on Rev. Geo. W. Musgrave, of Baltimore, and Rev. Samuel K. Tallmadge, President of the Oglethorpe University, Georgia; L. L. D. on Elias Van Arsdale, Esq., of Newark, N. J.

☞ Mr. Lester, the U. S. Consul at Genoa, but now in New York, has brought with him to this country a variety of Grape Vine, which will yield a wine superior to Champagne.

☞ James Sheridan Knowles, the Mirror says, has been offered a large sum to write a book abusing the Americans, which he promptly and indignantly refused.

☞ The Rev. Samuel B. Wylie, D. D., has sailed from New York for Liverpool, in the packet ship St. George. A series of resolutions was adopted by the Alumni and Under Graduates of the Collegiate Department of the University of Pennsylvania highly and justly complimentary. It has been resolved by them to request Dr. Wylie, on his return from Europe, to sit for his portrait, which, when finished, shall be presented to the University, and hung up in the College Hall.

☞ William Smith, brother of Jo and Hiram Smith, of Nauvoo, announces that the office of Patriarch has descended to him in consequence of the death of his two brothers, and that he is ready to receive calls from the Saints to confer upon them Patriarchal blessings. Perhaps the Saints think they are as good Patriarchs as William, and would rather he should call on them.

☞ At the commencement of Delaware College on Wednesday week, the degree of L. L. D. was conferred on the Hon. Louis McLane, of Baltimore, the newly appointed Minister to London.

☞ Lieut. Buford, of the U. S. Army, charged with having caused the death of his own child, an infant, at Paducah, Ky., some weeks since, was tried last week on the charge, and acquitted.

☞ A young preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and of the name of Nicholson, is making a great sensation at Mobile, by his eloquence.

☞ Crawford, the sculptor, has modelled an admirable bust of President Quincy, of Cambridge College.

Army & Navy.

☞ The United States Steam Revenue Cutter George M. Bibb, left Pittsburg on Tuesday week, on her way down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. The Pittsburg American says:—The Bibb draws 9 feet. She started with 12½ feet in the channel. She may probably run ahead of the rise and have to lay by till it overtakes her. The Bibb may be regarded as an experimental ship, built for the ocean service, and completely rigged for sea—2,000 miles from salt water.

Since the above was in type we regret to learn that the Bibb, on her passage down, sunk a short distance below Marietta. She sprung a leak and had 7 feet water in the hold before they could gain on it. She was immediately run upon a bar, where she will remain until the injury she has sustained can be repaired.

☞ The Brooklyn Advertiser states that the sloop of war John Adams, lying at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, is nearly ready for sea. It is supposed she will sail in about three weeks for the Gulf of Mexico. The store ship, Erie, will sail shortly for China. The sloop of war Lexington, is laid up in ordinary; and the frigate Macedonian, and sloop of war Dale, are both stripped for repairs. The frigate Sabine, and sloop of war Albany, are still upon the stocks, and may be fitted for launching in about a month.

☞ In addition to the squadron at Vera Cruz, under Com. Conner, and at Galveston, under Captain Stockton, a small fleet of Revenue Cutters has been ordered to that station. The Woodbury is already there, and the Geo. M. Bibb sailed from Pittsburg on the 24th ult., to co-operate with the Woodbury, as express despatch vessels. All these vessels can concentrate on any one point in a week's notice.

☞ The court martial appointed to try Captain Voorhees on a new charge is composed as follows:—Commodore John Downes, President—Captains Stephen Cassin, Henry E. Ballard, Lawrence Kearney, George Washington Storer, David Geisinger, Charles S. M'Cauley, Silas H. Stringham, French Forrest. [illegible], Esq., Judge Advocate.

☞ The [illegible] Miquelon, arrived at Boston Saturday, from Rio Janeiro, 11th May, reports that she passed, going into Rio, the U. S. brig Bainbridge, leaving in company an American brig, supposed to be the Sterling, from the Coast of Africa. The Miquelon left at Rio the U. S. frigate Raritan.

☞ The commander of H. B. M. ship "Alfred," under date of January 8, 1845, returns, in the name of the Queen, grateful thanks for aid from the United States Squadron, in removidg from the beach at Montevideo her Majesty's steam frigate Gorgon.

☞ We learn that the United States steamer Chautauque, will spend the summer in surveying the shores of Lake Erie instead of Lake Huron.

SALES OF STOCKS.

1461 shares Wilmington R. R.	16¼
300 do. Reading R. R.	27¼
80 do. Vicksburg Bank,	8a8½
50 do. Lehigh Navigation,	14¼
$6000 Penna 5's,	76½
$1400 Penna 5's,	76¾
$5000 Reading R. R. 6's, 1850,	74
$2000 Reading R. R. 6's, 1850,	74½
$200 County 5's, 1870,	103
$110 Penna 6's, new, an	76½

DIVIDENDS.

The Phenix Bank of New York has declared a dividend of three per cent. for the last six months, payable on the 10th July.

The United States Fire Insurance Company has declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent., payable on the 5th July.

The Seventh Ward Bank, a semi-annual dividend of three per cent., payable on the 1st July.

The Merchants' Bank of Baltimore, a dividend of three per cent. for the last half year, payable on the 7th July.

The Western Bank of Baltimore a dividend of two and a half per cent. for the last six months.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

$20 bills new Bank of Charleston, payable in N. York, are said by the Augusta Constitutionalist to be in circulation at Columbus, Ga. Also, $100 notes, counterfeit, of the South-Western Railroad, Charleston.

Counterfeit 1's on the Mohawk Bank at Schenectady, have been flying around our streets pretty freely for the past day or two. The one before us is numbered 300—date, Aug. 1, 1843—payable to N. Garnsey, or bearer—John J. DeGraff, President—W. B. Walton, Cashier—purporting to be engraved by Murray, Draper, Fairman & Co. The paper is light, and the counterfeit, though pretty well executed, may easily be detected by those acquainted with the genuine.—*Buffalo Pilot.*

A new counterfeit has made its appearance in this city, of which the first specimen detected was shown us by Mr. Allen Kramer. It is on the North-Western Bank of Virginia, at Wheeling—Denomination $10. The engraving is coarse, light vignette, agricultural implement and steamboat in the distance. Pay A. Williams—dated Wheeling, May 1, 1844, immediately over the president's name, and also over that of the cashier. There is no implement on the genuine notes of this denomination.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

OUR BETHEL FLAG STILL WAVING.—Sabbath afternoon, at four o'clock, a sermon will be preached, on the "*Love of Christ,*" on board the floating Bethel lying at the wharf between Walnut and Dock street. In the morning, at ten o'clock, preaching at the same place.

REV. THOS. PORTER, Seamens' Missionary.

HEALTH OFFICE, JUNE 28, 1845.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 21st to the 28th June.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Angina Pectoris,	1	0	Brought over,	38	59
Apoplexy,	3	0	Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0
Cancer,	1	0	Fever,	0	1
——Stomach,	2	0	——Scarlet,	0	6
——Uterus,	1	0	——Typhus,	0	1
Casualties,	2	0	Hernia,	1	0
Croup,	0	1	Hæmorrhage from Stomach,	1	0
Congestion of the Brain,	0	3	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	4
Cholera Infantum,	0	27	——Bronchi,	0	1
Colic,	0	1	——Lungs,	1	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	11	5	——Stomach and Bowels,	5	4
Convulsions,	1	4	——Liver,	1	0
Compression of the Brain,	1	0	Inanition,	0	2
Diarrhoea,	1	4	Laryngeal Phthisis,	1	0
Dropsy,	2	0	Mania a Potu,	2	0
——Head,	0	8	Marasmus,	0	8
Disease of Brain,	1	0	Measles,	1	2
——Heart,	1	0	Old Age,	3	0
——Lungs,	0	1	Scirrhus,	1	0
——Bowels,	0	1	Sore Mouth,	0	2
——Hip,	0	1	Small Pox,	1	3
Drowned,	3	1	Still Born,	0	7
Dysentery,	5	0	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	2
Debility,	1	0	Unknown,	0	1
Effusion on Brain,	0	2	Whooping Cough,	0	1
Erysipelas,	1	0			
Carried over,	38	59	Total, 163—58		105

Of the above there were 8 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 20 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 22,	70	74	73
23,	68	72	79
24,	75	82	87
25,	72	78	81
26,	70	79	87
27,	74	80	84
28,	73	73	69

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 17th to the 29th June.

June 17, received from			
J. F. Morrow	2 00	A. N. Sayer	5 00
D. Grolis	2 00	C. N. Lines	2 00
W. L. Jacobs	1 00	J. H. Borley	8 00
P. H. Davidson	4 00	L. Cannon	4 00
R. P. King	2 00	R. Rogeley	2 00
F. W. Carter	4 00	J. W. Duvall	2 00
J. Woolens	2 00	A. B. Cunningham	3 00
H. Souder	2 00	G. W. Henry	1 50
N. Mosher	2 00	J. Levering	2 00
W. Brown	2 00	W. Stephens	6 00
June 18.			
Maj. S. Jones	2 00	D. Miller	2 00
Mrs. M. Darrah	2 00	J. Elston	2 00
W. L. Foster, P. M.	7 00	J. Simmons	2 00
J. Williamson	3 00	Mrs. Conrad	1 00
J. Wilson	2 00	S. Dickson	2 00
W. R. Hall	6 00	P. Pratt	2 00
R. McDowell	10 00	R. Reed	1 00
J. Rogers, P. M.	10 00		
June 19.			
H. S. Eickeson	2 00	W. H. Browning	10 00
C. C. Abbott	2 00	J. W. Peters	2 00
O. P. Gilham	2 00	R. Hannum	2 00
W. R. Rawls	3 00	J. Hamilton	2 00
J. Dewey, Sr.	3 00	H. K. B. Ogle	2 00
C. Crafts	5 00	D. H. Cress	3 00
June 20.			
J. M. Haines	2 00	J. Young	2 00
D. Caulk	2 00	R. V. Cowell	4 00
W. H. C. Riggs	2 00	P. W. Douglass	1 00
G. P. Mercer	2 00	M. W. Evans	2 00
J. W. Ellison	6 00	P. H. Frost	2 00
J. Green	3 00	L. Howell	2 00
A. J. Gray	4 00		
June 21.			
B. A. Roy	6 00	F. W. Patton	7 00
J. Miller, P. M.	10 00	J. Mantell	2 00
M. J. Goodfellow, P. M.	5 00	J. Reakirt	1 50
J. W. Rauch	2 00	S. Boughton	2 00
J. P. King, P. M.	8 00	A. H. Weld, agt.	15 05
R. W. Stewart	6 50	W. B. Ely	2 00
O. J. Smith	2 00	W. S. Emley	4 00
F. Heuston	2 00	W. McGuigan	2 00
L. H. Bullock	2 00	R. T. Leston	4 00
P. J. Laborde	2 00	J. W. Chester	2 00
E. C. Bailey	1 00	S. J. Parker	4 00
L. W. Green	2 00	W. C. Hughes	2 00
M. R. Wilkins	10 00		
June 23.			
M. Eagle	1 37	W. D. Dawson	2 00
P. Kuntz	2 00	T. Soden	2 00
S. Shearer	2 00	W. C. Reade	5 00
H. Booth	10 00	H. R. Towner	2 00
G. D. Thompson	2 00	E. S. Holman	6 00
J. Connor	2 00	A. E. Blakesley	1 00
R. W. Jenkins	10 00	J. Rogan	2 00
A. H. Waters	5 00	Dr. A. Tancy	2 00
D. Dengle	2 00	S. P. Rowley	7 00
J. Mailey	2 00	C. M. Lewis	2 00
Mrs. E. McGee	3 00	G. W. Roberts	1 50
Dr. & Mrs Alexander	10 00	W. W. Richards	1 50
G. Houlton	5 00	Anna West.	2 00
R. Titus	2 00		
June 24.			
J. D. Rine	2 00	C. U. Dunning	5 00
H. F. Gibson	2 00	J. P. Cook	4 00
M. Boulware	2 00	A. Manchester	2 00
Mrs L. Borden	2 00	J. Stoddart	2 00
J. B. Smiley	10 00	W. Trask	1 25
C. H. Andrews	4 00	C. Griswold	2 00
W. D. Little	2 00	D. Lockwood	5 00
D. McDougall	2 00	W. L. Berry	4 00
G. W. Calvin	2 00	G. T. Clark	2 00
J. Edwards	2 00	Dr. E. C. Bateman	2 00
U. Silsby	2 00	W. Carney	1 00
June 25.			
Evans & Folsom	1 00	K. Cowles	2 00
A. B. Lynde	2 00	R. G. Barnes	2 00
E. K. Weaver	2 00	Maria Rush	2 00
Dr. J. H. Ware	3 00	J. Jones	6 00
A. Kitchell	1 00	R. F. Hawkins	2 00
J. H. Atkinson	6 00	S. H. Parrott	4 00
R. Morlidge	2 00		
June 26.			
Gen. Carson	1 00	J. N. Wilson	2 00
J. Hooker	3 00	W. P. Baker	2 00
K. Hager	4 00	A. Fairly	5 00
T. C. Parker	1 00	E. K. Smith	4 00
J. B. Marshall	2 00	B. H. Kimball	1 00
R. F. Adams	6 00		
June 27.			
A. J. H. Binney	1 00	T. Jones, Jr.	2 00
Dr. R. D. Lockridge	1 50	J. Hildebrand	4 00
H. W. Garrison	10 00	J. Senn	4 00
T. W. Mirow	4 00	P. M. Dobbins	12 00
W. D. Mercer	3 00	S. Searls	1 00
M. S. Wheeler	2 00	J. A. Parks	1 25
W. A. Marr	2 00	A. J. Miller	2 00
P. H. Fraley	6 00	A. Hall	2 00
J. Bush	2 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. H. [illegible]	1 00	M. Keen	2 00
H. F. Yard	5 00	G. Schober	2 00
G. Washington	2 00	H. P. Freeman	8 00
I. Newton	2 00	J. Few Smith	2 00
F. H. Purdy	15 00	G. Colin	2 00
J. W. Ford	1 00	S. W. Harris	10 00
S. Marshall	2 00	J. H. Buchan	2 00
N. M. Kessman	2 00	R. W. Hoskins	5 00
B. M. Hastings	5 00	Capt. P. Waples	6 00
W. B. Bell	3 00	E. W. Atmore	2 00
June 28.			
G. M. Murrill	2 00	P. Enders	3 00
H. R. Smith	7 00	T. Mott	2 00
J. Strickler	2 00	L. J. Burns	2 00
W. F. Given	2 00	H. Hathaway	2 00
R. Templin	2 00	E. T. Stowell	2 00
J. Vickers	2 00	J. Stevens	2 00
P. W. Bell	10 00	R. Patterson	5 00
A. M. Sill	4 00	L. Parker	2 00
S. Witherow	2 00	J. Van Ostrand	4 00
J. N. Lukens	2 00	Justin Pierce	7 00
G. Galloway	2 00	J. M. Read	1 50
E. S. Simmons	2 00	Dr. J. A. Hodges	1 50
T. Gillespie	2 00	J. Somers	2 00
J. Wilson	2 00	R. H. Baker	1 16
P. R. Hall	5 00	Miss H. C. Black	1 50
E. D. Filer	2 00		

ALMANAC

July, 1845.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
				D. H. M.
5 SATURDAY,	4 38	7 22	2 49	
6 SUNDAY,	4 38	7 22	3 21	
7 MONDAY,	4 38	7 22	3 53	
8 TUESDAY,	4 39	7 21	4 25	
9 WEDNESDAY,	4 39	7 21	4 59	New 4 11 29
10 THURSDAY,	4 40	7 20	5 58	First 12 9 21
11 FRIDAY,	4 40	7 20	6 23	Full 19 1 2
12 SATURDAY,	4 41	7 19	7 20	Last 25 10 19

Married,

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, Mr. WM. R. PEARCE, of Albany, New York, to Miss ELIZABETH G. PICKERING, of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Henry G. King, Mr. JOHN ROBINSON, to Miss SARAH W. MITCHELL, daughter of Mr. James Mitchell, merchant, all of Philadelphia.

At New Brunswick, N. J., on the 24th ult. by the Rev. James Ayars, Mr. THEODORE ASHMORE, to Miss HANNAH M. GOULDER.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Henry G. King, Mr. ANTHONY H. MILLER, of Waynesburg, Chester county, to Miss ANNE LENTNER, daughter of the late Geo. C. Lentner, Esq. of West Philadelphia.

In New York, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. J. C. Hardenberg, Mr. RICHARD R. ROBB, to Miss LOUISA M. BUSH, all of New York.

By the Rev. Geo. Chandler, on the 26th ult. Mr. SAML. BLACK, to Miss MARGARET MCCRACKEN.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Richard Lewis, Mr. BENJAMIN F. HOLMES, to Miss MARY A. WALTERS, both of East Kensington.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Richard Pickard, Mr. JOHN THORN, to Miss MARGARET THOMAS, all of Frankford, Pa.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Josiah Quigley, Mr. WM. DAVIS, to Miss ELIZA SPAHR, both of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. JOHN WILSON SMITH, to Miss PHEBE VENEMAN, both of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Ashton, JOHN MARTIN, to Miss SOPHIA ECKERT, all of Spring Garden.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. John Keller, Mr. SAML. CHESNUT, to Miss REBECCA COPPEL, both of this city.

In New York, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Pise, HENRY BENNETT, of Philadelphia, to Miss SARAH E. MILLER, of the former place.

Died,

On the 1st inst. Mrs. HANNAH EDWARDS, in the 79th year of her age.

On the 1st instant, after a severe illness, ELIZABETH BROWNING, daughter of Wm. Browning, in the 15th year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 1st inst. Mr. JONATHAN COLLUM, in the 61st year of his age.

On the 30th ult. in her 66th year, AGNES, wife of Wm. Moore.

On the 8th ult. of lock jaw, HENRY AUGUSTUS, son of Jacob Von Nieda, in the 22d year of his age.

On the 29th ult. Mr. JAMES HOLMES, in the 43d year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 14th ult. in Somerset county, Md. Rev. WM. C. POULSON, of the Philada. Annual Conference, and formerly of this city.

At Oxford, N. Y., Mr. TRISTRAM RICHARDS, aged 84 years, a soldier of the Revolution, and at West Point when Arnold's treason was discovered.

At Chelmsford, Mass. on the 18th ult. WM. FLETCHER, aged 90 years, a soldier of the Revolution.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. SARAH MCMACKIN, in the 53d year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 29th ult. at Upper Dublin, Montgomery county, Pa., Dr. JOHN JONES, in the 75th year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 29th ult. JULIANA TAYLOR.

Suddenly, on the 28th ult. EMMA, infant daughter of John and Martha Airey.

On the 28th ult. MARY HOUSAM, aged 67 years.

On 7th-day, the 28th ultimo, MARTHA JONES, aged 76 years.

On the 28th ult. SARAH DOUGHERTY, in the 5th year of her age.

On the 28th ult. Mr. GEO. P. BURNS, in the 24th year of his age.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. ISABELLA MURRAY, in the 78th year of her age.

On the 28th ult. SARAH ANN, daughter of Nathan and Ann Lewis, aged 5 months and 19 days.

At Havre de Grace, in the 75th year of his age, ZENAS WELLS, formerly of this city, on the 29th ult.

On 6th day, 26th ult. REBECCA T. BARTRAM, eldest daughter of the late Moses Bartram, druggist, of this city, in the 74th year of her age.

On the 27th ult. MARY ANN, infant daughter of W. V. and Matilda M. Gartland, aged 3 months and 4 days.

On 6th-day, 26th ult. ROBERT J. THOMAS, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 26th ult. MARY JANE, only daughter of A. W. and Ann A. Allen, in the 2d year of her age.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. RACHEL SELL, widow of the late Jacob Sell.

On the 25th ult. LAWRENCE GREEN, aged 19 months, son of Jacob Green.

On the 23d ult. Mr. WM. BARROVEN, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 28th ultimo, LOUISA DEWEY, aged 34 years.

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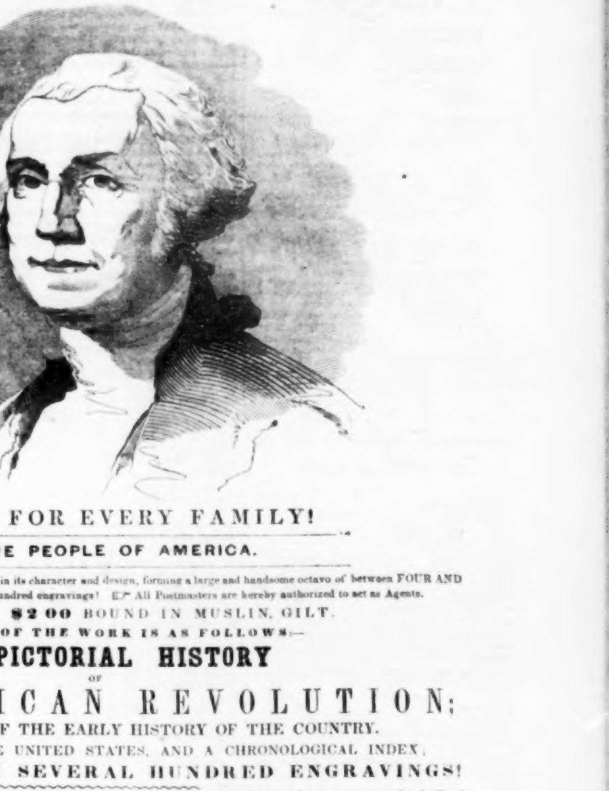

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CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—At market, 980 head of beef cattle, including 400 from Ohio and Kentucky. 860 sold, 400 for New York, at $5a6.50. Cows and Calves—225 offered. Sales made at $6a12 for dry cows; $10a15 for springers; and $12a24 for milch cows. Swine—420 in market. Sales at $4a5. Sheep and Lambs—1000 offered. Sales of sheep at $1,50a3, and lambs at $1a2 each; 100 left over.

Brighton, near Boston, June 23.—At market, 720 beef cattle, 40 pairs working oxen, 40 cows and calves, 1600 sheep, and about 500 swine. Prices—Beef Cattle—We quote extra cattle $6; first quality $5,50a5,75, and 2d do. $5,25. Working Oxen—Sales noticed at $72, 76, 78 and $92½. Cows and calves dull. Sales noticed were at $18, 21, 23, 28, 32, and one at $47,50. Sheep—Sales noticed at $1,25, 2,50 and $2,75. Swine—Dull; at wholesale 4½c for sows and 5 for barrows. At retail 5a6c. A few head of beef cattle remain unsold.

Baltimore, June 27.—Beef Cattle—The supply since our last weekly report amounted to 360 head, of which 46 remained unsold, and the balance were taken by city butchers at prices ranging from $2 to 3 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $3,50a5,75 nett. Hogs—Rates have advanced, and sales have been made at $4,87½, and several lots of superior descriptions have been taken at $5. The average is about $4,75.

Richmond, June 26.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,50a2,75; nett $5a5,50, according to quality.—Mutton—$1½a2, nett, according to quality. Lambs from $1,50 to 2. Veals from $3 to 8, according to size and quality.

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READ IT! IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF, AND COMMENTS ARE UNNECESSARY.

Philadelphia, May 26, 1845.

DR. JAYNE,—Dear Sir: I feel bound to the afflicted to give publicity to the extraordinary effects of your valuable Medicines.

I have suffered for seven years past, with Liver Complaint, and the train of diseases which follow—a complete prostration of the system—so that it was with great difficulty I could walk one or two squares without resting, and at times I was confined to my room. To add to my misery, a Scrofulous affection appeared in my throat. I had the advice of some eminent physicians, and tried nearly all the remedies in such cases, but continued to grow worse, and finally became afflicted with Rheumatism in my arms, so that I could not raise my right arm to my head. In the hottest weather my feet and hands would ache with the cold, and perspiration had almost ceased. I now became afflicted with a dry hoarse cough, and gave up all hopes of ever getting well. I had, at this stage, night sweats, and little or no sleep, with frightful dreams and morbid headache. I seemed to be bordering on INSANITY, and was denied all mental study. I could not read a short paragraph in a newspaper without great difficulty. During this time I had great soreness in my stomach, which caused it to swell so much that I was unable to lie down, or even to recline, but had to be propped up in a chair. It seemed as though a speedy dissolution was taking place.

I now heard of your Medicines, and determined to try your SANATIVE PILLS, and to my surprise the soreness left me, so that I could walk about the house. I continued to improve from that time. Shortly after I commenced taking the Pills, my wife called at your Store, and stated my case to you, and you sent me a bottle of your SANATIVE, or LIFE PRESERVATIVE, and also word to come and see you, and you would investigate my case, and cure me. This I did not believe, as I felt I was beyond the reach of human skill. I continued to take your Alterative and Pills for one week, when I was able to call on you, at which time you gave me but little encouragement; but I continued taking your Medicines for three weeks, when there was a decided change for the better. When I called on you again, you then said I would get well, and that your Alterative would cure me effectually. With no hopes, however, of getting well, I still continued taking your Alterative, until I had taken the fourth bottle, when there was a sudden change in my whole system, as though I had got rid of some great burthen, and I could draw my breath as usual. My nerves gradually became strong, and my appetite returned.

It has been about four months since I commenced taking your Medicines, and at this time nearly every vestige of disease is eradicated from my system. I am as active, and nearly as strong, as at any period of my life. I have now gained nine pounds in two months.

I have good reason to believe that the use of your invaluable Medicines, by the help of God, has saved me from a premature grave.

JOSEPH BARBAR,
Hallowell Court, in Poplar Street,
between Seventh and Eighth sts.

☞ Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

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THE FIRESIDE FRIEND—

which is pre-eminently the designation of this paper. As a newspaper, dependant upon public patronage, "grows by what it feeds on," the publishers flatter themselves that THE POST has increased in interest and value, with the steady and gratifying support which has been accorded to it, for a period of

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

In this time which has served for the life and death of whole generations of periodicals, and the rise, meridian, and decline of many a rival, THE POST has kept the even tenor of its way, by its own intrinsic health and strength—now following, oftener leading the public taste, but not departing from its independence to minister to the transient newspaper follies, which, compared to the existence of the POST, are indeed ephemeral. We shall continue in this path, endeavoring, in the

NEWS DEPARTMENT

to present the latest and best authenticated intelligence, divested of party hue, and interested bias, and resting solely on the basis of truth, as far as it is ascertainable. We endeavor to select and publish intelligence of value and importance to citizens engaged in all the three great interests,

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MORAL TALES AND TRAITS OF LIFE;
ORIGINAL COMMENTS, on NOTABLES;
WIT AND HUMOR;

In a word, such a variety of matter as, (our own country first remembered,) the

WHOLE LITERATURE OF THE WORLD

may offer. The original translations from European Literature which have from time to time appeared in this journal, are referred to as an earnest that we have

SPARED NO PAINS

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Volume Twenty Seventh, upon which we are about to enter, will appear in new type, and with such other improvements and advantages as experience may suggest. To repeat the words of a former prospectus, our motto is still EXCELSIOR. Among the oldest papers on the continent, and possessed of all the advantages which long accumulated facilities afford, the conductors blend with these peculiar advantages, (not to be acquired in a day,) all the improvements which each successive year presents to their notice; and all the changes for the better, which occur to men intent on doing well by a reading public which has always done well for THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

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my 24-10t* ALLEN BARNETT.

EPHRATA HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTE.
ON THE PROPERTY OF JOSEPH KONIGMACHER, ESQ.
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF DR. FR. LEISERING.

THE FAVORABLE RESULTS EXPERIENCED by Patients suffering from various diseases, where a usual course of medicine is of no avail, and which were effected within the last two years by a scientific Water Cure in my Hydropathic Institute, in Reinholdsville, Lancaster county, have brought this beneficial method of imparting health to the deranged human system into high repute with the public. Necessarily confined within narrow limits at my present location, I felt myself under the necessity of looking out for a situation suitable for the reception of many Patients, uniting every thing that may possibly be required in a scientific Water Cure establishment.

Respecting the advantages of this method of curing diseases, I offer the following testimonials. Extract from Dr. Washington L. Atlee's Lecture, introductory to the course of Medical Department of Pennsylvania College, Philadelphia, for the Session 1844-45:

"In Germany, indeed, under the name of *hydropathy,* it is regarded as a universal remedy, curing inflammations of the brain, chest, and abdomen, insanity, epilepsy, phthisis, gout, rheumatism, all exanthematous and cutaneous diseases, hemorrhages, alvine obstructions, syphilis, scrofula, neuralgia, &c. &c.—and even hydrophobia, the very *water-horror* itself, is effectually cured by this wonder-working *water-medicine!* whether by *submersion,* continued until the spasm has been *permanently* subdued or not, I have not been informed. Still, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the followers of the 'primitive philosopher,' Priessnitz, we may truly exclaim with Southey,—

"Most blessed water! Neither tongue can tell
The blessedness thereof, nor heart can think,
Save only those to whom it hath been given,
To taste of that divinest gift of heaven.
I stopped and drank of that divinest well,
Fresh from the rock of ages, where it ran;
It had a heavenly quality to quell
All pain. I rose a renovated man;
And would not now, when that belief was known,
For worlds the needful suffering have foregone."

TRANSLATION.—FROM CONSTANTIN HERRING, M. D. I take pleasure in certifying Dr. Leisering, that the Hydropathy, or the art of curing by means of cold water, is, according to my firm conviction and long experience, of exceedingly salutary effect on the human constitution, and particularly so in chronic diseases. Several of my acquaintances are indebted to this system for their final recovery, after having suffered for years of affections which defied the exertions of every medical skill. I am the more willing to give publicity to this testimonial and recommendation of Hydropathy, as I feel convinced that the treatment with cold water will not only cure all chronic affections, without impairing, but even with strengthening vitality. CONSTANTIN HERRING, M. D.

The same is corroborated by the testimonial of C. NEIDHARD, M. D., and several other physicians of high standing.

It is the first Medical Water Cure Institute in this State, situate in Lancaster county, called the Garden of Pennsylvania. The establishment is placed in the very midst of this garden, at Ephrata, on an eminence near the shades of an extensive wood, being the highest point of mountains in the county, rich in beauty and health, and supplied with excellent, wholesome water, calculated to accommodate many patients and visiters with boarding, lodging, and medical treatment. Ephrata itself is immediately situated on a cross road, from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, and from Lancaster to Reading, 58 miles from Philadelphia, 40 miles from Harrisburg, 13 miles from Lancaster, and 18 miles from Reading. With the 15th of May, in each year, the Summer season commences in this Institute—although for Patients there is no season in the year which will exclude them from the Medical treatment pursued therein. Occasional visiters, however, desiring merely to renovate their system by enjoying the country and its invigorating breezes, the vapor baths, water drinking, bathing, *douche,* exercise and diet—generally select the Summer for that purpose.

Letters, asking for more particular information, free of postage, will be promptly answered.

je 14-4t LEISERING, M. D., *Ephrata, Penna.*

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I WOULD INFORM MY FRIENDS THAT I have removed my store from No. 20 South Third St. to the large and splendid warehouse, No. 8 South THIRD near MARKET street, where I am prepared to furnish my friends and customers, not only with my own popular FAMILY MEDICINES, viz.

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DYE, VERMIFUGE, CARMINATIVE,
SANATIVE PILLS & AGUE PILLS;

but having also on hand a very large stock of

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In fact everything usually kept by wholesale dealers, and having made my purchases wholly for CASH and from first hands, I am enabled to execute orders, at as low prices, as pure, and unadulterated articles as can be obtained from any other establishment in the Union. Druggists, physicians, manufacturers and dealers are invited to call and examine my stock before they make their purchases.

DAVID JAYNE.

Philada., May 24, 1845. my 24 6m

CANCER, SCROFULA AND GOITRE.—Ample experience has proved that no combination of medicine has ever been so effectual in removing the above diseases, as JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE, or Life Preservative. It has effected cures that have been truly astonishing, not only of Cancer and other diseases of that class, but has removed the most stubborn diseases of the Skin, Swellings, Dyspepsia, &c. &c. This medicine enters into the circulation and eradicates diseases wherever located. It purifies the blood and other fluids of the body, removes obstruction in the pores of the skin, and reduces enlargements of the glands or bones. It increases the appetite, removes headache and drowsiness, invigorates the whole system, and imparts animation to the diseased and debilitated constitution. There is nothing superior to it in the whole materia medica. It is perfectly safe and extremely pleasant, and has nothing of the disgusting nausea accompanying the idea of swallowing medicine.

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Selected Poetry.

THE EDITOR.

BY JOHN BROWN.

Sit! Sit! Sit!
From matin hour till twilight gloom,
He's a "fixture" there in his dusky room,
Away the moments flit
And the world outside, with joyous din,
Moves gaily on—but the world within
Is labor, and toil, and care!
No turn knows he in the weary day
But the turn that shows the pivot's play,
As he turns his easy chair!

Think! Think! Think!
In the smith's bright forge the fire glows
But the smith himself the bellows blows—
Unheard the hammer's clink!
Not so the fire that lights the brain
Of him who wears the *galley* chain,
Or makes the *press* gang go;
He must flash with lights and glow with heat,
With quill in hand his brains must beat—
But never indulge a *blow!*

Write! Write! Write!
Though fancy soars on a tired wing,
She *must* still her tribute celestial bring,
Nor on a weary flight!
And reason's powers and memory's store
Must prove their strength, and bring the lore
Antique, sage, and mystic;
For these to the uttermost thought and particle,
Must go into to-morrow's "leading article"—
Of argument—wit—statistic.

Clip! Clip! Clip!
No "cabbaging" shears his hand doth hold,
But those with which the current gold,
By lawful right he'll clip:
The *boy* is gone, but he will not fail
Of a prompt return with the "morning mail"
A basket full of "*exchanges*,"
And then the editor opens and skims—
Accidents—deaths—discoveries—whims—
As over the world he ranges!

Paste! Paste! Paste!
With a camel's hair brush, and a broken cup,
He gathers the scattered paragraphs up,
And sticks them on in haste:
The *boy* appears with a smile and a bow—
"Please sir, they're waiting for copy now,"
He says in accents solemn;
"The foreman thinks he'll soon impose
The outside form, with scraps of prose,
And the leader may be a column!"

Artificial Life.

FLORENCE PRESERVED;

OR, THE FEARFUL *PAS*.

In the solitude of his library, immersed in objectless thought, and gazing on vacancy, the Right Honorable the Earl of Blazonfield was standing with his back to the fire. Erect and lofty stood his Lordship, with his legs apart, and a coat-tail reposing on either arm.

How long the noble Earl's reverie might have lasted, it is as impossible as it is bootless to say. He was suddenly roused from it by a cautious tap at the door, in answer whereto he condescended to say—"Come in."

A liveried domestic noiselessly and reverently approached, bearing a three cornered note on a silver salver. The Earl of Blazonfield, with his usual deliberation, opened and read it; and then, in a stately tone, said to the menial—"Inform her Ladyship that I am at leisure." The man, with a low obeisance, withdrew.

The communication which his Lordship had thus received was from his noble Countess, who had despatched it from her *boudoir* to solicit that she might be allowed to intrude on her Lordship's privacy for a few moments.

The Earl received his lady on her entrance into the library with the most dignified courtesy, politely begging her to be seated. With the usual acknowledgments, she acceded to the civil request.

"And now," said the nobleman, "may I be permitted to ask your Ladyship's pleasure?"

"Pardon me, my Lord," answered Lady Blazonfield, "the occasion which has compelled me to seek your Lordship is aught but pleasurable."

"How, my Lady?" the Earl had nearly exclaimed; but he was not certain whether she was serious or joking—or, if joking, whether or not she was taking that liberty at his expense. The expression of his surprise, therefore, was simply physiognomical.

"Lord Blazonfield," said the Countess, "I have to request your perusal of this document;" and she handed him a letter. Her lips, as she spoke, were rather compressed, and her voice slightly indicated subdued emotion.

His Lordship, with a magnificent bow, received the missive; and then, with his double eye-glass, proceeded to inspect the envelope. Having done so, he observed, turning his eyes to her Ladyship—"This, I perceive, is addressed to the Lady Florence."

"To your Lordship's and my eldest daughter," said the Countess, quietly, but with stern emphasis. "Read it, Lord Blazonfield. The seal, you will perceive, is broken."

The Earl, resuming his eye-glass, brought it to bear upon the interior of the epistle. Its contents must have moved him powerfully; for as the first line met his sight, he gave an actually perceptible start. As he read on, too, his eyes expanded, and his eyebrows rose, until they had reached the highest degree of dilatation and altitude of which they were respectively capable. In this state of countenance, with the eye-glass evidently trembling in one hand, and the letter in the other, he stood, when he had done reading, and gazed upon Lady Blazonfield, whose flashing orbs met his enlarged ones, whilst a decided frown ruffled her brow of marble.

Well might the letter have agitated the lofty pair; for it began with "my dearest Florence," and ended with "Everlastingly Yours—Alfred Bailey." Intermediate between these portions of it, there was actually a proposal of marriage!

"Where found you this, my lady?" demanded the thunderstruck peer.

"In the conservatory," replied the peeress, "where I have every reason to believe it was this morning dropped, after having been the object of the most objectionable meditations."

So far was the noble earl carried away by his feeling, that he actually gave utterance to as many as two or three of those ejaculations in which ordinary persons express themselves when excited. It was awful to behold the nobleman thus sunk in the father. But suddenly a bright thought crossed his brain—if we may attribute so common an organ to such a nobleman as his lordship—and he exclaimed, "Lady Blazonfield, it is possible that this may be a hoax."

"A hoax, my lord," replied the countess, "do you conceive that anybody could have such presumption?"

"Is not that," said his lordship, "more probable than a supposition so derogatory as any other would be to our daughter?"

"True," assented Lady Blazonfield.

"We can decide this point at once." So saying, the earl despatched a domestic to request the attendance of Lady Florence in the library. "She is not yet aware," continued the nobleman, "that the Duke of Dumfries has made proposals for her hand."

"We will, therefore," said Lady Blazonfield, "begin by announcing that circumstance to her."

"Her reception of that intelligence in a becoming spirit will prove that our apprehensions were unfounded," observed his lordship.

"Truly," exclaimed the indignant countess. But here entered the Lady Florence.

"Florence," said his lordship, addressing his beautiful daughter, "I have to apprize you of a distinguished honor which has been conferred upon our family."

"You don't say so! How, papa?" inquired the lively Florence.

"In your person, Florence. You are to know that no less an individual than his grace the Duke of Dumfries has formally solicited your hand."

"I wish his grace may get it," was the reply of Florence.

The earl stared considerably on hearing these words. A peculiarity in their tone seemed to puzzle him. "Yes," he pursued, "Of course you wish he may get it. So do I. The proposal of his grace is then accepted."

"My lord," said Florence, "you misunderstand me."

"Hey? What? How!" ejaculated her noble father.

"I won't have the Duke of Dumfries," said the high-born, but plain-spoken young lady.

"Lady Florence Blazonfield!" exclaimed the countess, with horror.

"Not have the Duke of Dumfries!" echoed the earl, as soon as he could recover his utterance. "The oldest duke in the peerage!"

"Old enough," said the Lady Florence, "to stand towards me in your venerated relationship."

The earl folded his arms, and assumed a look of stern majesty. The countess rose from her chair, and holding it at arm's length surveyed her daughter scornfully from top to toe.

"Florence!" cried his lordship at length, in an awful voice, "are you acquainted with the author of this production?" And he handed her the fatal billet.

She was silent and hung her head.

"Very well, very well!" gasped the earl. His face, as he spoke, turned ghastly pale; whilst that of the countess assumed the semblance of the Gorgon.

"Who is he?" demanded Lord Blazonfield in a guttural *rale*.

"An artist," answered Florence.

The countess positively screamed, and sank down in her chair. The earl actually swore, and his face became carnation.

"An artist," pleaded the daughter, "but a very, very rising one. So noble-minded—and oh, so handsome!"

The noble parents yelled in concert so audibly, that it is much to be feared they were heard by some of the domestics. By a great effort they mastered their feelings; when the earl, in a tone of dreadful calmness, commanded his daughter to retire. The weeping girl obeyed.

This was too much for the earl to stand; so he sat down, and leant his forehead on his hand. The countess—must it be confessed?—actually cried. For a while the noble pair almost resembled a common couple who had just had an execution put into their house. Fearful must have been the sufferings which could have made them thus far forget themselves.

Why record their incoherent expressions of distraction?

"What"—wildly asked the Countess at last, "what—what can have possessed her?"

The Earl pondered. "Really," he replied, after a pause, and as if the idea were somewhat consoling, "I almost think she must be deranged."

"Let us hope she is," said the lady mother.

"No doubt of it," declared Lord Blazonfield. "At all events she must be put instantly under restraint."

Her ladyship assented; and they instantly sat down to concert a letter to the family physician to require his instant attendance. In the meantime a footman who had been listening to the conversation through the key-hole, ran and told every word of it to Florence's waiting-maid, who lost no time in retailing it, with divers embellishments relative to strait-waistcoats and loss of hair, to her young mistress.

The letter having been finished, the Earl went for a ride, and the Countess sought the apartment of her daughter, to see what could yet be done with her. But the bird was flown. Judge of her horror, indignation, fury! But what must have been the feelings of this noble family, when after a week's ineffectual pursuit of the fugitive, they received from her a letter signed "F. Bailey!" The letter implored, but despaired of forgiveness; and admitted that the writer and her husband had nothing to depend upon but their own exertions. And then followed a terribly mysterious passage wherein the high accomplishments—duly acknowledged—which had formed part of her education, were hinted at as contemplated sources of revenue. What in the name of everything dreadful could this mean? In a few days the mystery was solved. A fashionable morning journal contained the following announcement:—

"It is rumored that the *danseuse*, Madame Bailey, who will shortly make her *debut*, is the eldest daughter of a distinguished member of the peerage. Such, at least, is the *on dit* which has been *blazoned* by Fame amid the circles of *Ton*."

At the same time the Earl received a communication from a certain quarter, which convinced him that, in the words of another illustrious member of the peerage, Madame Bailey was Lady Florence and no mistake.

To say that the Earl went nearly mad, would be to use strong language of a Peer. To say that he and the Countess called their daughter all kinds of names, would be to rake up what had much better be forgotten. His Lordship took legal advice; but, alas! his daughter had come of age, and was her own mistress.

Ah, that his Lordship had but sifted the matter a little further! He *might* have found that the paragraph was a fiction—a *ruse*, originating from the Bailey family. We only say he *might*. But the possibility of the idea never occurred to him.

Can the noble Lord be blamed, if under these trying circumstances, he sacrificed his indignation in order to save appearances, and did what, though most kind, was also most expedient? Acting under the advice of several noble, right reverend, and gallant friends, he consented to buy Lady Florence off her engagement, (paying the money for the purpose, through her husband,) and to allow her a handsome maintenance. He also procured a high government situation for Mr. Bailey, and got him returned for a borough under his control; so that what with all this, and having a good coat of arms found for him at the Heralds' College, he contrived to convert him into a decently aristocratic son-in-law.

"Matters," reflected the Earl, "might have been worse. Let us be thankful that his name is not Muggins."

The paragraph in the morning paper was contradicted authoritatively; and there is every probability that Lady Florence and Mr. Bailey, having thus comfortably married, will live happily all the rest of their lives.

TO MY WIFE.

I woo'd thee not as others woo
By flattery's magic spell,
For, oh! I knew—what joy was mine—
Thy woman's heart too well.
The lute by zephyrs idly touch'd,
Returns no answering strain,
Thy bosom's chord could not respond
To aught so light and vain.

I woo'd thee not with costly gifts,
Or gems from India's mine;
They might the *hand* of beauty gain,
But not a *heart* like thine.
The violet yieldeth not for gold
Its fragrant loveliness;
And the rich treasures of thy love
No sordid vows could bless.

I woo'd thee not with deeds enrolled,
Upon the scroll of fame—
Nor that her meteor light was shed
Around my humble name;
Thou'rt like the flower that to the sun
Its bright eye turneth still;
Though fair or clouded, whispering,
"Thine own through good or ill."

I woo'd thee with the words of truth,
And won thee for my bride;
Mine is the priceless boon that thou
To others hast denied—
A heart more pure than snow which lies
Where foot hath never trod;
Where faith from her native home,
Still looketh up to God.

I woo'd thee—and whate'er my lot,
Since I can call thee mine—
Though storms may gather round my way
Or sunbeams brightly shine—
I care not, for thy love can make
Affliction's chalice sweet;
Though by thy side life's *golden* hours
On angel's wings would fleet.

I woo'd thee—and from that blest hour
When on thy youthful brow
The seal of early love was set—
My spirit breathed a vow,
To guard unsullied to the last,
The treasure thou hast given,
That when life's o'er, our souls may meet
With purer joys in Heaven.

Personal Sketches.

MONTGOMERY AND ELLIOTT.

[We continue our extracts from the Pen and Ink Sketches of the Boston Atlas with the following personal notices of James Montgomery and Ebenezer Elliott.]

I found Montgomery, in conversation, delightful. There was nothing of the "I am a poet" about him; but he entered freely and familiarly into conversation, and expressed his opinions on the literature of the day with as much diffidence as if he had himself only worshipped the muse "afar off." I remember the conversation turning on Mrs. Hemans's poems—which he considered to be the perfection of musical verse, the lines chiming, as he remarked, like the silver bells in "fairy lands." I asked him which he considered to be the most powerful of her minor pieces, and after hesitating a minute he replied, "I think nothing can surpass, in simple grandeur, and almost perfect beauty, her hymn to the mountain winds, commencing with

"Mountain winds! oh! whither would ye bear me?"

He said he had received from Mrs. Hemans some of the most delightful letters which mortal ever penned, and remarked, "Ah! sir, that woman has always appeared to me to have been a ready-made angel." He told us several anecdotes of Mrs. Hemans, whom he once visited at St. Asaph—but as these will possess more interest when related in connection with the account of an afternoon visit which I paid to the poetess at Wavertree, hereafter to be sketched, I shall for the present postpone relating them.

Among the company present that evening, who had been invited for the express purpose of meeting Mr. Montgomery, was a lady who has for many years been known in literary circles, and was then and still is residing with her brother, Dr. Porter, a physician, practising in Bristol. I allude to Miss Jane Porter, to whom the present of a chair, by some American literati, was recently made.

The authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" was a very tall, very thin, very pale and very old maidish lady, but in conversation she was one of the most sprightly and agreeable persons I ever knew. Like Hannah More, she was full of anecdotes of the literary people who had flourished during the last half century, with many of whom she had associated—for Miss Porter is now an ancient lady, as may readily be supposed, when we refer to the dates of her first productions. She gave us a very interesting account of her visit to Walter Scott, and of Kosciusko's visit to her, when he was in Bristol. She described the latter as a man of plain manners, but of indomitably energy, and she evidently felt proud of the compliment he had paid her.

In the course of the evening the conversation turned on Robert Montgomery's poetry, which was then making some noise. James, for some time, took no part in what was going on, but was an attentive listener. At last it seemed as if flesh and blood could bear it no longer, as he commented on the meanness of "Satan Bobb," in assuming his name, for the purpose of cheating the public into the purchase of his wares. "It has been a serious business to me," said the true Montgomery, "for I am constantly receiving letters, evidently attended for another person, in which I am either mercilessly abused, for what I never wrote, or bespattered with compliments of the most nauseating character. Many, to this day, do not distinguish between me and Robert Montgomery, and so I am, in a great measure, robbed of what little hard earned fame I possess." The poet evidently was much mortified by Robert's assumption of his name, and did not endeavor to disguise his contempt for the literary pirate, who sailed under false colors. His intimate friends say that this is the only subject which ruffles the habitual serenity of his mind, and well it may, for it must be no trifling annoyance to see that fame, which was acquired by years of toil and patient endurance, perilled in the minds of many by the productions of such a popinjay as the author of "Oxford," and "Woman."

I afterward heard Mr. Montgomery deliver a course of lectures on English poetry. When they were announced a great sensation was created, for it was naturally supposed that from a poet we should have a brilliant exposition of his theme. They were delivered in the theatre of one of the great London institutions, and were well attended, but their success was by no means commensurate with the literary repute of the lecturer. Mr. Montgomery is not adapted by nature for a public lecturer. There was a tremulous monotony in his tones, which induced a listlessness on the part of his auditory; and although now and then the true poet burst forth in a blaze of exceeding beauty, the flashes were meteoric and transient. On the whole, these lectures were a failure; but their want of success might, perhaps, be more justly attributable to the style of their delivery, than to any glaring defects in the subject matter itself.

My next personal recollection of James Montgomery, is connected with a visit which I paid to Olney, the sometime residence of the poet Cowper. In the summer of eighteen hundred and thirty-eight I was on a fly-fishing excursion, in the neighborhood of that place, and hearing from the postman who brought letters to our party, from the post office to our country quarters, that the poet Montgomery was there, myself and a friend, who had never seen him, took a walk to Olney the next day, to call on him. We inquired for Mr. M., but no one seemed to be aware of his whereabouts; and, as a last resource, we went to the post-office, where we were informed that he would most likely to be found at *Squire* Cowper's school. To this place we proceeded. It was a dwelling which Cowper had once tenanted, and ever since it had been used as a village school, and called by his name. There we found Montgomery, surrounded by the children, who were singing that beautiful hymn of the bard of Olney, commencing with—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

I had heard this beautiful hymn sung hundreds of times, but never with such effect as in that room, the very place in which, we are told, and there is every reason to suppose with truth, Cowper composed it.

Montgomery received us very kindly, and we visited, together, some of Cowper's favorite spots. It was highly gratifying to repair to such hallowed retreats, in the company of one who has been not unaptly called the Cowper of our own time. On leaving, Montgomery kindly invited me to call on him, should I ever visit Sheffield, which I gladly promised to do.

About two years afterward I was in that busy mart—and, remembering the poet's invitation, I determined to avail myself of it. I had no difficulty in finding my way to 'The Mount,' the name of his residence, and was fortunate enough to find him at home. We had a pleasant talk together, and, after dinner, he accompanied me to the literary institutions of the neighborhood, and it was quite delightful to observe with what marked attention and respect he was every where received. I noticed this to him, and said he must feel highly gratified by it. "I am, of course," he replied, "but I have enemies. Not long since, some rascals broke into my house, one Sunday, while I was delivering an address at a chapel in Sheffield, (Mr. Montgomery sometimes preaches among his own people—the Moravians,) and stole, among other things, a silver inkstand, which had been given me by the ladies of Sheffield. However," he added, "the loss was but for a time, and proved to be the occasion of the greatest compliment, which, in my opinion, I ever had paid me. A few days after my loss, a box came directed to me, and, on opening it, lo! there was, uninjured, the missing inkstand, and a note, in which the writer expressed his regret that he had entered my house, and abstracted it. The thief said his mother had taught him some of my verses, when he was a boy, and on seeing my name on the inkstand, he first became aware whose house he had robbed, and was so stung with remorse, that he could not rest until he had restored my property, hoping God would forgive him."

On our way back to his house, our conversation turned on the poems of the "Corn Law Rhymer," of which Mr. Montgomery spoke in very high terms, but deprecated his violence of language. "Would you like to see Elliott?" he asked.

"Much," said I.

"Well, he lives some three miles from here at Upperthorpe; but he is to speak to-night, at a corn law meeting, in Sheffield, and, if you like, after tea, we'll go and hear him, and I'll introduce you to him."

At the time specified we set out—the place where the lecture was to be delivered was situated in one of the most densely inhabited portions of the smoky town of Sheffield. As we neared the hall, groups of darklooking, unwashed artisans were seen, proceeding in the same direction as ourselves—all of them engaged in deep and earnest conversation on the then one great subject, the corn laws. Strong men, as they hurried by, clenched their hands, and knitted their brows, and ground their teeth, as they muttered imprecations on those whom they considered their oppressors.

Here we would encounter a crowd of dusky forms circling around a pale, anxious man, who was reading by the light of a gas lamp, a speech reported in The Northern Star, or the last letter of Publicola, in The Weekly Despatch—and women, with meagre children in their arms—children drugged to a death-like sleep, by that curse of the manufacturing districts of England—laudanum, disguised as Godfrey's cordial, were raising their shrill, shrewish voices, and execrating the laws which ground them to the dust—and there were fierce denunciations from mere boys, and treasonable speeches from young men—old men, with half paralyzed energies, moaned and groaned, and said they had never known such times—all seemed gaunt and fierce, and ripe for revolt. It was an audience of working men—of such as these, that Ebenezer Elliott was to address that evening.

The lecturing hall was crammed with the working classes, and as the orator of the evening mounted the rostrum, a wild burst of applause rang from every part of the house. He bowed slightly, smiled sternly, and took a seat, while a hymn which he had composed for the occasion, was roared forth by hundreds of brazen lungs.

He was a man rather under than above what is termed the middle height. Like the class from which he sprang, and which he was about to address, he was dressed in working clothes—clothes plain even to coarseness. He had a high, broad, very intellectual forehead, with rough ridges on the temples, from the sides and summits of which thick stubby hair was brushed up—streaks of grey mixed with the coarse black hair—his eyebrows were dark and thick, and shaded two large, deep set, glaring eyes, which rolled every way, and seemed to survey the whole of that vast assembly at a glance. His nasal organ was as if it were grafted on his face; the mouth was thick-lipped, and the lines, from the angles of the nostrils to the corners of the mouth, were deeply indented—graven in. A very black beard, lately shaven, made his chin and neck appear as if it was covered with dots, and he had a thick massive throat. His figure was indicative of great muscular strength, and his big horny fists seemed more fitted to wield a sledge hammer than to flourish a pen. Looking at him, the most casual observer would be impressed with the idea that no common man was before him.

He rose amidst great cheering, and for an hour and a half held that great audience in entire subjection by one of the most powerful addresses I ever listened to. With a terrible distinctness he painted the situation of the working man—he showed what he might have been, and contrasted his possible and probable situation with what it then was. On the heads of those who opposed free trade, the corn law rhymer poured out all the vials of his wrath—but, vigorous and forcible as was his language, there was no coarseness, and frequently, over the landscape which he had painted, with all the wild force of a Spagnoletti or a Caravaggio, he flung a gleam of sunshine which made the moral wilderness he had created to rejoice and blossom as the rose. And there were passages in his speech of such extreme pathos, that strong men would bow down and weep, like little children—to these would succeed such sledge-hammer denunciations, that his hearers sat with compressed lips, and glaring eyes and resolute hearts. When he sat down, after an appeal to the justice of the law makers, the whole audience burst forth into one loud cheer, and those near the speaker gripped his hand in fierce delight. I never saw such a scene, nor could I have conceived it possible that one working man should so carry with him the passions and feelings of an audience, consisting entirely of those of his own class.

Montgomery introduced me to Elliott, and we all three walked to the house of the former together. How different from the man on the platform was the man in the parlor. No longer the fervid orator, he was now the simple, placid poet; and I never before or since heard from mortal lips such powerful and yet pleasant criticisms on our literary men, as I did that night from the lips of Elliott. He spoke with great enthusiasm of Southey, whom he reverenced, despite his politics, and whom he called his "great master in the art of poetry." He had much reverence for Wordsworth: but I must not attempt to record the conversation. Suffice it to say, that after an hour's chat, our party of three broke up; one of them, at least, not a little gratified with the events of the evening.

Our Scrap Book.

☞ The following were in olden times considered directions for buying a horse:

If one white foot, buy him,
If two white feet, try him,
If three white feet, deny him,
If four white feet, and a white nose,
Take off his hide and give him to the crows.

A writer in the Utica Gazette thinks the following variations of these directions applicable to shopping ladies:

If one comes, she'll buy,
If two come, they'll try,
If three come, they'll deny,
If four come, you may suppose
They'll only look at goods, and off they goes.

☞ A village schoolmaster, in the County of Bucks, one day asked a boy, who was about to leave school, to what trade his father intended to put him. The boy said he was to be a butcher. "Why, surely," rejoined the master, "you won't like to kill the poor sheep and lambs?" "No," said the urchin, "I shouldn't like to kill *poor uns*, but I should like to kill *fat uns!*"

☞ "What would our wives say if they knew where we are!" said the captain of a "down east" schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going ashore. "Humph! I shouldn't mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we were ourselves."

☞ "John, who was the wisest man?" "Don't know, sir." "Yes you do, too. Tell me." "Wall, I guess it was uncle Zek; for father says he was so cunning that he got every body to trust him, and wan't fool enough to pay nobody."

☞ "Master Buggins come up and tell me who was Cleopatra?" "Cleopatra was sister to one of the pyramids of Hegypt, and come to her unhappy eend by swallerin' of a wasp." "Good boy, good boy, you'll be a Gibbon one of these days."

☞ "Have you ever seen perpetual motion?" said a loquacious lady to her husband.

"Yes, my dear," replied the gallant husband.

"Where?" inquired she.

"Between your jaws, my love."

☞ Will you bet all that's in your pocket book against the election of my candidate?" "Yes, indeed; I'd bet my head—" "No, I thank you. I prefer the pocket-book, for that has something in it."

☞ There is a man in Philadelphia, so sharp-minded, that he shaves himself by mere mental operation. This is goin' a little ahead of the patent strop and silver steel razors.

☞ Roux, the famous surgeon of Paris, has extracted the cataract more than 6,000 times! Wonder how long it would take him to extract the cataract of Niagara?

☞ "Music and drawing taught here," as the man said when he was pulling an ungreased hand-cart through the streets.

☞ Quills are things that sometimes are taken from the pinions of one goose, to spread the o-pinions of another.

☞ The man who lost his eye-sight by reading a borrowed paper, has recovered it since he became a subscriber.

Choice Selections.

THE MELANCHOLY MONTH OF MAY.

[The following, from Cruikshank's Table Book is rather behind the time on the first of July, but is so true as if it were in better season.]

The poets sing the merry month of May,
But surely Nature never looked so glum.
Where are the flowers that make all Nature gay?
Where are the bees? Alas! they're all a hum.

Where are the blossoms that should gem the bowers?
[illegible]
The buds are blown away before they blow.

Milton alludes to Zephyr gently playing
With young Aurora, full of mirth and glee;
If in the present year they'd gone a-Maying,
They must have done so with a *parapluie*.

They bid us forth in May to hear the note
Of nightingale resounding through the plain;
This year we should have needed a great-coat,
As a protection 'gainst the rattling rain.

The murm'ring breeze is well enough no doubt,
That gently dallies with fair Phœbe's curls;
But not so pleasant when it blows about
Your hat in rapid and successive whirls.

Adieu, dull month! dark, dismal, wet, and drear!
Who call thee merry, know not what they say;
Thou'lt be the greatest cheat in all this year!
Farewell, most melancholy month of May!

MEN-TIGERS IN INDIA.

"One of the followers who stood behind his chair said that when a tiger had killed a man, he was safe, for the spirit of the man rode upon his head, and guided him from all danger. The spirit knew very well that the tiger would be watched for many days at the place where he had committed the homicide, and always guided him off to some other more secure place, where he killed other men without any risk to himself. He did not exactly know why the spirit of the man should thus befriend the beast that had killed him; 'but,' added he, 'there is a mischief inherent in spirits; and the better the man, the more mischievous is his ghost, if means are not taken to put him to rest.' This is the popular and general belief throughout India; and it is supposed that the only sure mode of destroying a tiger who has destroyed many people is, to begin by making offerings to the spirit of his victims, and thereby depriving him of their valuable services. The belief that men are turned into tigers by eating a certain root is no less general throughout India. The Sureemunt, upon being asked by one of my companions what he thought of the matter, observed 'There is, no doubt, much truth in it; but I am of opinion that the tigers which now infest the road from Saupor to Deorec, are of a different kind. In fact, they are neither more nor less than men turned into tigers—a thing which takes place in the woods of Central India much oftener than people are aware of. The only visible difference between the two,' added the Sureemunt, 'is, that the metamorphosed tiger has no tail, while the *bora*, or ordinary tiger, has a very long one. In the jungle about Deorec,' he continued, 'there is a root which, if a man eat of, it converts him into a tiger on the spot; and if, in this state, he can eat of another, he becomes a man again. A melancholy instance of the former of these statements,' he said, 'occurred, I am told, in my father's own family, while I was an infant. The washerman, Rughoo, was, like all washermen, a great drunkard; and, being seized with a violent desire to ascertain what a man felt in the state of a tiger, he went one day to the jungle, and brought home two of these roots, and desired his wife to stand by with one of them, and the instant she saw him assume the tiger's shape to thrust it into his mouth. She consented—the washerman ate his root, and instantly became a tiger; but the wife was so terrified at the sight of her old husband in this shape, that she ran off with the antidote in her hand. Poor old Rughoo took to the woods, and there ate a great many of his old friends from the neighboring villages. But he was at last shot, and recognized from the circumstance of his having no tail. You may be quite sure,' continued the Sureemunt, 'when you hear of a tiger without a tail that it is some unfortunate man who has eaten of that root; and of all the tigers, he will be found the most mischievous.' How my friend had satisfied himself with the truth of this story, I know not: but he religiously believed it, and so do all his attendants and mine; and out of a population of 30,000 inhabitants in the town of Sangor, not one would doubt the story of the washerman, if he heard it. I was one day talking with my friend the Rajah of Myhere, on the subject of the number of men who had lately been killed by tigers at the Kutra Pass, and the best means of removing the danger. 'Nothing,' said the Rajah, 'would be more easy or more cheap than the destruction of those tigers, if they were of the ordinary sort; but the tigers that kill men wholesale, as they do, are, you may be sure, men converted into tigers by the force of their science: and such animals are, of all, the most unmanageable.' 'And how is it, Rajah, that these men convert themselves into tigers?' 'Nothing,' said he, 'is more easy than this, to persons who have once acquired the science; but how they learn it, or what it is, an unlettered man knows not. There was once a high Priest of a Temple, in this very valley of Myhere, who was in the habit of getting himself converted into a tiger by the force of this science, which he had thoroughly acquired. He had a necklace, which one of his disciples used to throw over his neck the moment the tiger form became fully developed. He had, however, long given up the practice, and all his old disciples had gone off on their pilgrimages to distant places, when he was one day seized with a violent desire to take his old form of a tiger. He expressed the wish to one of his new disciples, and demanded whether he thought he could rely upon his courage to stand by and put on the necklace. 'Assuredly you may,' said the disciple, 'such is my faith in you, and in the God we serve, that I fear nothing.' The High Priest upon this put the necklace into his hand, with the requisite instructions, and forthwith began to change his form. The disciple stood trembling in every limb, till he heard him give a roar that shook the whole edifice—when he fell flat upon his face, and dropped the necklace on the floor. The tiger bounded over him, and out at the door, and infested all the roads leading to the Temple for many years afterwards."

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Child, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest work to leave,
Pray!—ere yet the dark hour be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Travellers, in the strangers' land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie;
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

THE HEADS OF THE TABLE.

In these days of calculation, scarcely anything is undertaken without the aid of Tables. Should a railroad be proposed from Wormwood Scrubs to Sandwich Flats, traffic tables would be forthwith prepared to show a sympathy between the Scrubs and the Flats, rendering rapid communication between them absolutely indispensable. There would be tables, no doubt, to prove the immense consumption of Sandwiches, and the increasing demand for Wormwood, both of which, it would be contended, must inevitably become subjects of constant interchange in the event of there being a line to take in the Flats, provided it should be a line that the Scrubs could also be got into. If a Loan and Endowment Company be started, tables are instantly in requisition to prove that, for a sum paid down at once, a handsome annuity will be paid as long as the annuitant lives, unless the annuitant happens to outlive the society, which may by accident go off very suddenly.

There is, however, another, and a more agreeable species of table, which is almost invariably resorted to with a view of raising money for charitable purposes. The only table by which charity may be fairly measured is the dinner table; and though it is a common saying, that charity begins at home, experience seems to show that the very sociable virtue alluded to begins—in England, at least—by going out to a public dinner. A man, who in the morning might have given his guinea with a cool head to what he might have admitted to be rather a deserving institution, finds himself over the dinner-table recklessly subscribing for life, and pledging himself for the remainder of his days to the support of a charity in which he never before took any extraordinary interest.

When a man goes to a public dinner, he usually sets down in his own mind a certain sum for the plate; but a few glasses of wine have a wonderful effect in extending his sympathies, and enlarging the amount of his subscription. The appeal of the chairman goes home to the heart, and of course, therefore, to the cheque-book; so that, when the list is handed round, even the meanest among the guests, who intended to limit his generosity to a single pound, not unfrequently commits himself to a course of periodical benevolence by adding, in the enthusiasm of the moment, the word "annual" with a dash of his pen to the donation he has put himself down for.

Our Heads of the Table are not, however, taken at the public board; but the Heads are to be met with in the domestic circle. There is THE Head of the Table, with her juvenile supporters, one of whom may occasionally practice an experiment in chemistry, by taking the color out of the dress of one of the guests, who also receives a lesson in practical philosophy by having to bear the scientific but disagreeable result with perfect equanimity.

Among the Heads of the Table there are a [illegible] the past for the abolition of the absurd custom of "taking wine with each other" will cut off from the social board those ridiculous [illegible] which have hitherto been employed in the [illegible] familiar nods, solemn bows, and [illegible] of smiles, or in efforts to catch one's neighbor's eye, almost as painful as those of a Member of Parliament to attract the visual organ of the Speaker. Bowing to the wrong lady, smiling at the wrong gentleman, and nodding graciously to some one who is taking wine with your neighbor instead of yourself, are among a few of the inconveniences that will be got rid of by the abolition of the practice alluded to.

MARRIED BY CHANCE.

The Count de M. lived in a state of single and independent blessedness. He was yet young, very rich, and was surrounded by every thing that could give enjoyment to life—except a wife. He had frequently thought of becoming a husband, but had always declared off before the knot was tied. Once, however, he found himself very nearly committing the folly of matrimony. A young person, the daughter of one of his friends, pleased him—her fortune pleased him, not less perhaps, than her person and accomplishments, and there were other reasons of convenience, &c., to justify the union.

The Count, who had so frequently made the first step towards matrimony, but as frequently drew back, had not yet decided upon the course he should adopt in this case—he had promised the friends of the lady repeatedly, but had made no outward sign of performance. His future mother, however, knowing his weakness in this respect, resolved to bring matters to a termination, and therefore demanded of the Count whether he would, or would not marry her daughter, and requested an immediate reply. The Count found himself in great embarrassment. At this moment his fears and hesitation returned with more force than ever—he trembled at the consequence.

To give up his cherished habits of bachelorhood, he found, was hard—it was almost impossible to abandon them. In this emergency, he resolved to appeal to chance. He wrote two letters—in the one he accepted the hand of the lady, in the other refused it. He then put them into a hat, and called his servant.

"Take one of these letters," said he, "and carry it to the Chateau de ——."

"Which, sir?"

"Which you please."

The servant chose a letter. The Count burnt the other without opening it.

A distance of ten leagues separated the two chateaux. The domestic must be absent twenty four hours; twenty-four hours must elapse before the Count can know his fate. His situation is anything but agreeable—he knows not during twenty-four hours whether he is a married man or a single one—whether he has still the power to dispose of himself, or whether he is not already disposed of. The domestic returned—he had carried the letter of acceptation, and M. de M—— is, even at this time, the happiest husband in that part of the country.

BONAPARTE'S ARMY.—Among the papers left here by a French General lately in the United States, and who was formerly attached to the grand army of Bonaparte which passed the Niemen for Russia, was found a list of that grand army which, in a few short months perished by the climate and the shock of arms.

"Poles 60,000; Saxons 30,000; Austrians 30,000; Bavarians 30,000; Prussians 22,000; Westphalians 20,000; Wertembergers 3,000; Badeners 8,000; Darmstadters 4,000; Gotha and Weimar 2,000; Wurtzburg and Franconia 5,000; Mecklenburg, Nassau and Small Princes 5,000; Italians and Neapolitans 20,000; Spanish and Portuguese 4,000; Swiss 10,000 French 250,000.

"Including 60,000 cavalry, besides 40,000 horses, artillery and train, consisting of 1,200 pieces of cannon." Total, 493,000, which, with the servants, women, *vivadiers*, and other followers of the army, making a grand total of 526,000 persons—the largest army ever concentrated at any period of history. The number of Russians destroyed in this campaign exceeded 200,000. Thus over 600,000 perished to gratify one MAN.

FATHER AND SON.—A Scotch gentleman, connected with the Indian army, returned home after an absence of ten years. Immediately on meeting with his father—

"Jamie," said the old gentleman, "ye've just been out ten years—how muckle ha'e ye made?"

"Five hundred thousand pounds," was the prompt reply.

"Ye should ha'e stayed ither ten years, and made a million."

☞ A man intending to butter a piece of bread, buttered his wife's tongue. He discovered his error when he found she could not scold, but that her words slipped out as smooth as you please.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A writer of "A Transatlantic Tour," now publishing in the "Christian Observer," gives a very interesting account of his visit to Abbotsford, the celebrated residence of "The Wizard of the North," in the course of which, describing the library, he says:

"But by far the most interesting object is the bust of Scott himself, by Chantrey. 'There he stands,' said my conductress, 'just as if he were going to speak to you.' It is considered an admirable likeness (the only faithful one, indeed) of Scott, such as he was in animated conversation. The finest portraiture of him at such times, that words could give, has been supplied by Mr. Adolphus—a keen observer of Scott's person and manner, as well as a most accomplished critic of his writings. 'His eyes were wonderfully calculated for showing great varieties of emotion. Their mournful aspect was extremely earnest and affecting; and when he told some dismal and mysterious story, they had a doubtful, melancholy, exploring look, which appealed irresistibly to the hearer's imagination. Occasionally when he spoke of something very audacious and eccentric, they would dilate and light up with a tragicomic, hair-brained expression, quite peculiar to himself, one might see in it a whole chapter of Cœur de Lion and the Clerk of Copmanhurst. Never, perhaps, did a man go through all the gradations of laughter with such complete enjoyment, and a countenance so radiant. The first dawn of a humorous thought would show itself sometimes, as he sat silent by an involuntary lengthening of the upper lip, followed by a shy sidelong glance at his neighbors, indescribably whimsical, and seeming to ask from their looks, whether the spark of drollery should be suppressed or allowed to blaze out. In the full tide of mirth, he did indeed 'laugh the heart's laugh,' but it was not boisterous and overpowering, nor did it check the course of his words; he could go on, telling or discanting, while his lungs did 'crow like chanticleer,' his syllables in the struggles growing more emphatic, his accent more strongly Scotch, and his voice plaintive with excessive merriment. Never surely, was a laugh more exquisitely described than in this graphic passage."

WITTY PARODY.

In 1819, Poulson's Daily Advertiser contained the following APOLOGY for the indiscriminate slaughter of dogs—supposed to be a speech delivered by the Head Constable, when public sympathy and opinion seemed likely to decide in favor of the persecuted quadrupeds:

Philadelphians, Citizens, and Sportsmen!!

Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine office, and have respect to mine office, that you may believe. Censure me in your humanity; but consult your physicians, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this crowd, any dear friend to Dogs, to him I say, the Council's love to Dogs was no less than his. If, then, that friend, demand why the Council rose against Dogs, this is my answer; not that they loved Dogs less, but that they loved men more. Had you rather Dogs were living and die all mad, than that Dogs were dead, and live all safe! As Dogs were affectionate, we weep for them; as they were likely, we rejoice at it; as they were faithful, we honor them; but as they were nuisances, we slew them. There are tears for their affections, joy for their likeliness, honor for their fidelity, but death for their nuisance. Who's here, so silly, that would always be in dread? If any, speak, for him have we offended. Who's here so *mad*, as to wish for *Hydrophobia?* If any, speak, for him have we offended. Who's here so misanthropical, that would prefer a dog? If any, speak, for him have we offended. I pause for a reply.

None! Then none have we offended. We have done no more to the dead, than you may do to the living. The question of their death is enroled in the State House; their services not extenuated, wherein they were worthy; but their danger enforced, for which they suffered death. Here come their bodies, mourned by their late owners; who, though they had no hand in their death, shall receive the benefit of their dying—Exemption from "Dog Tax," as which of you shall not? With this I depart that as I gave my best services for the good of Philadelphia, I have the same services for my hearers, when it shall please their honors to need my assistance.

AN ARABIAN HORSE TAMER.

The Richmond Whig says that there is a horse tamer in that city, who professes to be in possession of a secret which enables him to tame the wildest horse. The Whig gives this account of an experiment he made in Richmond.

"The experiment was performed at the circus. The exhibition to the public eye consisted of throwing the mare upon her side, by the machinery of a leather strap carried over her shoulders and buckled at each end to her upper fore[illegible] being gradually contracted, she, her knees, then her after awhile, first upon (the 'Mesmerizer', a wag called [illegible]erimenter gently manipulated her face, and patted her neck, and after a half minute or so, applied a powder to her nostrils. The fastenings were then loosed, and she was permitted to rise. (We should have stated that she exhibited, during the manipulation, indications of pleasure, instead of fright.) When up Mr. Franche (the tamer) took hold of her tail and suspended his weight upon it. She was then led off by his assistant, he still suspended by her tail, and suffering himself to be dragged along. During these feats she exhibited no alarm or disposition to kick. A sheep skin (not very agreeable to a horse) was then tied to her tail, which she dragged about the circus, without any sign of repugnance. Mr. Franche then snapped his fingers, when she turned and followed him.

"Such was the result of the experiment, and yet we did not regard it as doing justice to Mr. Franche or his secret, for the mare had been broken, and it was not in the power of the spectators to know what degree of wildness he had to subdue. He would have preferred, he says, the wildest mustang just caught in the prairies, or the wildest and most unbroken colt in the vicinity of Richmond, on the principle that it is easier to teach the untaught, than first to unlearn and teach the mistaught."

THE REMEMBERED BOOK.[*]

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

He who bestows a useful book
On some ingenuous boy,
May lodge a thought in memory's nook,
Which ages can't destroy,—
A seed may scatter on that field,
Whose tribute shall a thousand yield
A harvest home of joy
A casual gift of earnest love,
For Jesus done, to men unknown—
That shall be set with gems above,
Around the eternal throne.

Thee, little book! a noble heart
Made mine in early days,
With hope thy lessons might impart
Some thirst for Wisdom's ways.
In sunshine I thy page devoured,
I read thee when misfortune lowered,
And read thee but to praise.
My fancy, by thy beauties caught,
Admired the portraiture divine;
The head retained the knowledge taught,
The heart proclaimed, "'tis mine."

Years pass—I meet thee yet again,
One half my journey done—
Behind are toils, before is pain,
The garland is not won.
Experience shows how rich the truth
Whose simple graces charmed thy youth,
And, ere my race is run,
May I be wise a soul to win—
As did my friend, by gifts and prayer,
A helpless mortal snatch from sin,
A spirit from despair.

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[*] "Zion's Pilgrim," by Robert Hawker, a book given me in my childhood, by an excellent friend.

THE BIBLE.—The Bible is a divine encyclopedia in itself. It contains history the most authentic and ancient, tracing back to the first creation of our world; and prophecy the most important and interesting, traced forward to its final consummation; journeys, surpassing all others in the marvellousness of their adventures, and the dignity of their guide, for they were marked by miracles at every step, and in every movement directed by God; the travels of the most distinguished missionaries—the first preachers of the gospel, and the lives of the most illustrious personages, including the biography of the Son of God; events more wonderful than romance ever imagined; and stories, more fascinating than fancy ever sketched; the finest specimen of poetry and eloquence, of sound philosophy and solid argument; models of virtue the most attractive, and maxims of wisdom the most profound; forms of prayer the most appropriate in every variety of spiritual experience; and songs of praise, that would not be unworthy of an angel's tongue; precepts of unparalleled importance, and parables of unrivalled beauty; examples of consistent piety suited to every situation; and lessons of Divine instruction adapted to every age.—*Rev. Hugh White.*

☞ Addison, in one of his beautiful papers in the "Spectator," says that he had been very forcibly struck by this epitaph, written as if by a man for himself, after death had unfolded to him the realities of another world—

"What I spent, I wasted:
What I left, I lost:
What I gave, I have."

☞ A man, intending to refuse a challenge to a duel, accepted it in a state of absence of mind. The consequence was that he discovered his mistake when the challenger ran off, and has not been heard of since.

A COW IN A BOX.

ALIAS A COUGH IN THE CHEST.

We were not a little amused at the Phonographic exhibition the other evening, by a story told by Professor Church with reference to the difficulty he had to meet in learning to pronounce the English language—whose barbarous orthography is so totally at variance with its elementary sounds. The gentleman said that the first time he visited London he caught a violent cold on the passage. He had studied English at the French University, and made about as much progress in giving correct sounds to the words, as a green Yankee might be supposed to do in the French tongue with nothing but a dictionary for a guide. Some things he knew, and some he did'nt know; one thing, however, he felt, and that was he needed a physician to cure his cold. Accordingly he sent for one, and in the interim, wishing to show Dr. John Bull how well he could talk English, he took Nugent and found that '*toux*' was '*cough*,' in the latter tongue.

"C-o-u-g-h," spelled the Frenchman, "how they spell that? I have him! P-l-o-u-g-h is *plow*, and c-o-u-g-h is *cow*. I got a cow!!"

The doctor entered, and began to feel his pulse, where all seemed right.

"I have no trouble there," said Prof. Church, putting his hand to his throat, "I got a cow!"

"Well, I am not a cow-doctor!" said the surgeon, indignantly, "Why do you send for me to see your cow?"

"But you will not understand me," said the disconcerted Frenchman, "here is my cow—here!" and he thumped his breast in desperation.

The doctor shook his head as though he thought him demented. The professor again had recourse to his dictionary, thinking if he got the precise locality of his cow, the doctor would understand. Accordingly he looked for the word "*chest*" and found the first definition to be "*box*;" then shouting as loud as he could he exclaimed,

"Now you understand, *I got a cow in my box!*"

The doctor burst into a roar of laughter, and the poor Frenchman almost died of chagrin. When the professor told the story the audience were perfectly convulsed, and fully appreciated the gentleman's enthusiasm, as he concluded by saying—"If your phonography can do anything *for my cow*, it will be a great thing."—*Boston Bee.*

The Olio.

THE FIRST DAY OF TERM.—The Lord Chancellor did not give a breakfast to the judges; but Mr. Briefless gave a *matinée cigaresque* to some judges of the Havannahs. Mr. Briefless went very deeply into a case of Cheroot *ex parte* Friberg. He subsequently did business in the Rolls, and discussed some Dough on the demise of Hard Roe *re* Bloater.

The judges of the Havannah, after sitting for some time, announced their intention of taking nothing after three o'clock, unless it was something short, when Mr. Briefless opened a case of Cognac *versus* Fish, and appealed to the Digest in support of his argument. The judges delivered their opinions *seriatim*, as follows:—

FIRST JUDGE: This may be against the strict letter, but it is not against the spirit. I am of opinion that the judgment must be in favor of Cognac.

SECOND JUDGE: There would have been gross *laches* if Cognac had not appeared. It would have amounted to contempt, if I am not greatly mistaken. But Cognac has come in, and Cognac's rule must be absolute.

THIRD JUDGE: I cannot go so far as to say Cognac's rule must be absolute; but I agree in opinion with the other judges.

FOURTH JUDGE: If this case savoured of duplicity, I should give my judgment against Cognac; but as counsel has come before us with a proper spirit, I should be unwilling to dissent from my colleagues.—*Punch.*

A TRUE PATRIOT.—In 1748, when the Austrians were in possession of Genoa, the republic were in want of money, and to raise a supply, were about to levy some new taxes, M. Grillo, a citizen of wealth and consequence, on the morning when the edict was to be passed, strewed the lobby of the council room with pieces of rope. On being asked his meaning, he replied that the people having exhausted all their resources, it was but fair to furnish them with the means of leaving a world, which could no longer be worth living in. "But," replied the Senators, "we want money; the urgencies of the State demand it: and where else is it to be had?" "I tell you," said Grillo; and quitting the palace, he shortly after returned, followed by porters loaded with 200,000 livres in gold and silver. "Let every one of you," he cried, "follow my example, and the money you want will be found!" The tax was no more mentioned; and the nobility made a voluntary contribution, and Genoa was saved.

A SECRET.—"How do you do, Mrs. Tome, have you heard that story about Mrs. Rudy?" "Why, no, really, Mrs. Gad, what is it—do tell!" "Oh, I promised not to tell for all the world! No, I must never tell on't. I'm afraid as long [illegible] out." "Why, I'll never tell on't—come, tell [illegible] as true as the world; what is it, will you? you won't say anything about it—never." "No, I'll never open my mouth about it—never. [illegible] to die this minute." "Well, if you'll believe [illegible] Funday told me last night, that Mrs. Trott told her that her sister's husband was told by a person who dreamed [illegible] oldest daughter had told Mrs. Nichens that her grandmother heard by a letter which she got from her third sister's second husband's oldest brother's stepdaughter, that it was reported by the captain of a clam-boat just arrived from the Fejee Islands, that the Mermaids about that section wore sharkskin bustles stuffed with pickled eels toes."

COMPANY.—There is a certain magic or charm in company, for it will assimilate and make you like to them by much conversation with them. If they be good company, it is a great means to make you good, or confirm you in goodness; but if they be bad, it is twenty to one but they will corrupt and infect you. Therefore be wary and shy in choosing and entertaining, or frequenting any company or companions; be not too hasty in committing yourself to them; stand off awhile till you have inquired of some (that you know by experience to be faithful) what they are; observe what company they keep; be not easy to gain acquaintance, but stand off and keep a distance yet awhile, till you have observed and learned touching them. Men or women that are greedy of acquaintance, or hasty in it, are oftentimes snared in ill company before they are aware, and entangled so that they cannot easily get loose from it after when they would.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

MOURNING HABITS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.—In Europe, black is generally used, as representing darkness, which death is like unto.—China, white, because they hope the dead are in heaven, the place of purity. Egypt, yellow, representing the decaying of trees and flowers, which become, as they die away, yellow.—Ethiopia, brown, denoting the color of the earth from whence we come, and to which we return. In some parts of Turkey, blue, representing the sky, where they hope the dead are gone: in other parts, purple or violet, because being a mixture of black and blue, it represents, as it were, sorrow on one side and hope on the other.

☞ A gentleman, taking as his partner at a ball a lady with whom he was quite unacquainted, remained for a long time quite silent, not liking to say some things and afraid to speak of others, at last seeing the boards of the room laid the wrong way, he observed (thinking how fortunate he was in observing such a circumstance) "what a pity it is, that the boards of this fine room should be laid the wrong way." "By no means," replied the fair one, "since it has supplied an observation to a gentleman who seemed very much at a loss for one."

MANKIND MIGHT do without physicians if they would observe the laws of health; without lawyers, if they would keep their tempers; without soldiers, if they would observe the laws of Christianity, and perhaps without preachers, if each one would take care of his own conscience; but there is no living without farmers.

☞ At an execution in Dublin many years ago, the hangman received a present of a guinea from the culprit. Overjoyed at such an unexpected gift, he exclaimed, "Long life to your honor." At the same time he drew the bolt that launched the unhappy man into eternity.

A DIPLOMATIC UNDRESS.—The Mexican robbers between Vera Cruz and Mexico, took from Mr. Elliott, the British Minister, every article of property and dress, except his *under garment* and a *night cap!* A gentle hint to *retire.*

HE WHO LIVES under the dominion of one vice, must expect the common effects of it—if lazy, to be poor—if intemperate, to be diseased—if luxurious, to die betimes.

☞ What is that a female frequently looks for, yet never wishes to find? A hole in her stocking.

☞ "Be collected," as the tradesman said to a huge pile of unpaid bills scattered over the desk.

☞ "You can't complain," as the highwayman remarked, when he shot the traveller.

TRAVELLING MAP AGENTS WANTED.

THE SUBSCRIBER WISHES TO ENGAGE in the sale of his MAPS a number of young men of strictly moral and business habits. A capital of from $100 to $300 will be necessary, and a certain district of country will be assigned to each Agent. Unexceptionable testimonials of character will be required.

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FIRE AND THIEF PROOF CHESTS, AND SLATE LINED REFRIGERATORS, WATER FILTERS, &C.
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Manufacture a large assortment of David Evans' Patent Air-tight Fire and Thief Proof Chests, for preserving Books, Papers, Deeds, Mortgages, Silver Plate, Jewelry, Gold, Silver, &c. &c., made in all instances without wood or plank, as 95 out of 100 Fire Proof Chests (so called) now in use, and made for sale, are mere Plank Boxes, covered with thin sheet iron, with common locks, at once shows the utility of having an arti cles that may be depended on.

A Letter from Dr. Thos. P. Jones, of Washington, editor of the Franklin Journal, concerning Air-tight Chests.

WASHINGTON, May 25, 1844.

David Evans—*Sir*: In answer to your inquiry, I have to say that if your Safes and Chests are air-tight, the air itself being one of the best non-conductors of heat, is superior to any filling you can use. The only advantage derived from Asbestos or other non-combustible materials, is to prevent the crushing in of the sides of the chest, when highly heated; but for protecting the interior, they are not equal to air. Yours, respectfully, THOS. P. JONES.

All our Chests are made of Boiler Iron, with iron frames riveted through and through so strongly, that the falling in of no building can possibly mash the sides in; and the space between being hollow and air-tight, gives them advantage over all Chests filled in between, as they will keep the contents inside in a perfect dry state when in use, as no dampness can strike through the air-tight chambers, and will last ten times as long and keep in good order.

D. Evans' Patent Refrigerators, lined with Slate, being inspected and tried by judges, are pronounced the best and sweetest for Provisions, such as Butter, Meats, Milk, &c., now in use, of which a general assortment is always kept on hand, either with or without Water Filters attached.

Water and Provision Coolers, Seal and Copying Presses, also David Evans' celebrated Hoisting Machine. Together with plain and ornamental Iron Railing; Fire Proof Doors, [David Evans' Patent Locks thereto,] for Banks, Stores, &c.

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DR. COMSTOCK'S VOCAL GYMNASIUM AND *Polyglot Institute*, designed not only for the cure of *Stammering* and *Defective Articulation*,—for instruction in *Elocution*, and the usual branches of an English education, but for the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of the most important ANCIENT and MODERN LANGUAGES. The following languages are now taught:

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The next term will commence on the first of September. Parents who wish to have their children educated in the Institute, and ladies and gentlemen who desire instruction for the cure of Stammering, for improvement in Elocution, or for the acquisition of one or more of the above languages, may learn the conditions of

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☞ DR. COMSTOCK'S System of Elocution and Table of the Elements of the English Language are before the public. His edition of *Historiæ Sacræ*, arranged for concert reading, with an interlinear translation is in the hands of the stereotypher. Other works adapted to Dr. C.'s peculiar method of instruction will soon be published.

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NOTICE. PHYSICIANS are invited to call at or send to the Store, corner of Washington and School Streets, and receive a Catalogue. The Medical Books are classified and arranged in a convenient part of the room, where they can be examined. Students attending the Lectures, will have a good opportunity to provide themselves with the latest and best Text-Books, by applying as above, at low prices. aug 3-t

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OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN
IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD,
OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

IMPROVEMENT IN WHATEVER REGARDS the happiness and welfare of our race is constantly on the march to perfection, and with each succeeding day some new problem is solved, or some profound secret revealed, having an important and direct bearing over man's highest destinies. If we take a retrospective view over the past twenty years, how is the mind struck with wonder! What rapid strides has science made in every department of civilized life! particularly in that which relates to the knowledge of the human system in health and disease. How valuable and indispensable are the curative means recently discovered through the agency of chemistry! How does the imagination kindle and our admiration glow at the ingenuity, the near approach to the standard of perfection, of the present time! Through the elaborate investigations of Physiology, or the science of LIFE, and the Pathology of prevalent diseases, much valuable practical knowledge has been gained. In consequence of becoming acquainted with the organization, the elements of the various tissues and structures of the system, remedies have been sought after and discovered exactly adapted to combine with, neutralize and expel morbific matter, the cause of disease, and substitute healthy action in its place. The beautiful simplicity of this mode of treatment is not only suggested by the pathology of diseases, not only grateful to the sufferer, but perfectly in consonance with the operations of Nature, and satisfactory to the views and reasonings of every intelligent, reflecting mind. It is thus that SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA, a scientific combination of essential principles of the most valuable vegetable substances, operates upon the system. The Sarsaparilla is combined with the most effectual aids, the most salutary productions, the most potent simples of the vegetable kingdom, and its unprecedented success in the restoration to health of those who had long pined under the most [illegible] value, and recommending it to the afflicted in terms the afflicted only can know. It has long been a most important desideratum in the practice of medicine to obtain a remedy similar to this—one that would act on the liver, stomach and bowels with all the precision and potency of mineral preparations, yet without any of their deleterious effects upon the vital powers of the system.

The attention of the reader is respectfully called to the following certificates. However great achievements have heretofore been made by the use of this invaluable medicine, yet daily experience shows results still more remarkable.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1844.

MESSRS. SANDS:—Gents—I consider it but an act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate CANCEROUS ULCER on my breast.

I was attended eighteen months by a regular and skilful physician, assisted by the advice and counsel of one of our most able and experienced surgeons, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer were resorted to; for five weeks in succession my breast was burned with caustic three times a day, and for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of nitric acid, and the cavity or internal ulcer was so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The doctor probed the ulcer and examined the bone, and said the disease was advancing rapidly to the lungs, and if I did not get speedy relief by medicine or an operation, the result would be fatal. I was advised to have the breast laid open and the bones examined, but finding no relief from what had been done, and feeling I was rapidly getting worse, I almost despaired of recovery, considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials and certificates of cures by the use of "SANDS' SARSAPARILLA," in cases similar to my own, I concluded to try a few bottles, several of which were used, but from the long deep seated character of my disease, produced no very decided change; considering this as the only probable cure for my case, I persevered, until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over 11 months since the cure was completed; there is not the slightest appearance of a return. I, *therefore, pronounce* myself WELL, and the cure *entirely effected by* "SANDS' SARSAPARILLA," *as I took no other medicine of any kind during the time I was using it, nor have I taken any since.* Please excuse this long deferred acknowledgment, which I think it my duty to make. Your valuable Sarsaparilla cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence, when nothing else could, and I feel myself under lasting obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot write, and I do most respectfully invite ladies afflicted as I have been to call upon me and I will satisfy them fully of the truth as stated above, and many other things in reference to the case. NANCY J. MILLER, 218 Sullivan st.

The following letter from one of the most eminent physicians in the city of Baltimore, is presented with a view of showing the opinions of physicians generally in relation to this valuable medicine,—many others of a similar tenor have been received from several of the most distinguished physicians throughout our country.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 4th, 1843.

A. B. & D. SANDS:—Gentlemen—I have used your Extract of Sarsaparilla since its introduction into this city. It gives me pleasure to state I have found it to answer my most sanguine expectations. I believe it to be the best preparation of that valuable article now in use.

With much respect, yours,
JOHN WHITRIDGE, M. D., 46 Gay st.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of agents gratis. (my 5-3m

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 79 Fulton St., N. York. Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce sts., and Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South Third street.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5.

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feb 10-tf ANDREW E. CHAMBERS

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